JUNE 25c

Coronet

"Heart Surgery Saved My Life"

BEHIND THE SCENES OF THE BIG MONEY CONTESTS

What Is the "Kissing Disease"?

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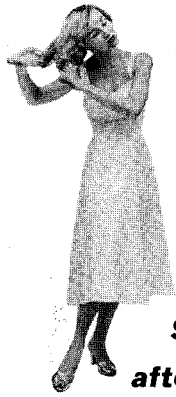
One S-S-S-S-S-t does more for your hair than brushing 100 strokes a day!



Spray on this greaseless hairdressing after shampoos—after permanents— whenever hair is dull or dry

Give your hair the same beautiful results as brushing this quicker, easier way. Spray on Lanolin Discovery hairdressing — a few quick brush strokes, and your hair is instantly conditioned — looks youthfully alive with sparkling highlights.

Makes your hair naturally soft—naturally easy-to-manage—naturally shiny . . . TODAY

Helene Curtis

Large size, $1.25
Economy size, $1.89
(both plus tax)

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THE NEW **HAIRDRESSING** IN SPRAY FORM

Used and recommended by professional beauticians everywhere

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How we retired in 15 years with $300 a month

"The day Nancy and I hit Arizona, we knew it was for us. The air itself felt alive, and the sunshine—well, it was wonderful. We bought a new ranch house that cost less than the price we got for our city home —and is lots less work. Every single day since, I've been thankful for the monthly check for $300 that makes it all possible.

"Somehow, in my forties it was hard to believe I'd want to slow up someday. Fact is, Nancy was the smart one. One day—back in 1941—she said to me, 'Anyone who works as hard as you do ought to be able to plan to retire someday. How much would we have to save up to retire on bank interest?'

"Well, interest rates were higher in '41, but I figured almost a hundred thousand—it was out of the question. I shrugged it off.

"But not Nancy. A few weeks later she came to me with a little booklet on 'Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plans.' She'd read an ad about a new way to retire—for anybody of average means who had fifteen or twenty good earning years ahead. The ad offered more information, and she sent in the coupon.

"It was Nancy's little book that changed my mind. Here was a way I could retire—and in 15 years, if I wanted to. There was no secret, except to start soon enough. And I did.

"My first check for $300 came this spring. With it, Nancy and I were off to the West. I feel ten years younger since I got here. I say it's the Arizona air. But Nancy winks and says it's being my own boss."

Send for Free Booklet. This story is typical. Assuming you start at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of $10 to $300 a month or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women. Don't put it off. Send for your copy now.

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PHOENIX MUTUAL

Retirement Income Plan

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OVER 100 YEARS OF LIFE INSURANCE PROTECTION FOR BUSINESS AND FAMILIES

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185 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.

Please mail me, without obligation, your free 28-page booklet showing new retirement income plans.

Plan for Men ☐ Plan for Women ☐

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Date of Birth_____

Business Address_____

Home Address_____

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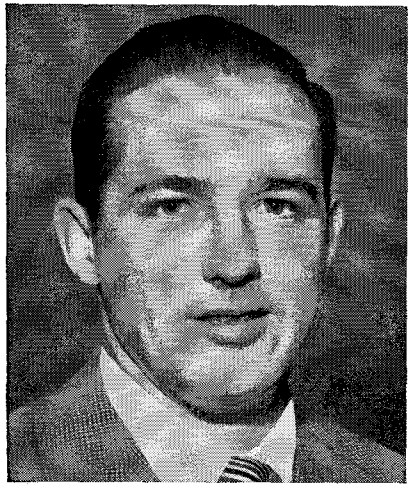
Telephone Man Helps Save Five from Tidal Waters

Quick action prevents tragedy when family is marooned in hurricane



AWARDED MEDAL—Robert A. Gillespie, of Block Island, R. I., was awarded the Vail Medal for "courage, endurance and ingenuity." Vail Medals, accompanied by cash awards, are given annually by the Bell System for acts of noteworthy public service by telephone employees.

Hurricane winds of 110 miles an hour were creating a tidal wave when the telephone operator at Block Island, Rhode Island, received a call for help from a family marooned in a cottage.

"I was in the telephone office," says installer repairman Robert A. Gillespie, "when I heard of the call. I'd been through hurricanes before and I knew they might be in real trouble."

Quickly enlisting the aid of two men who were outside the building, he drove his company truck to within 400 feet of the isolated cottage, as near as the high water would allow.

"We could see that three poles led toward the cottage," says Bob Gillespie, "so we took handlines and a rope from the truck. We secured one end of the line to the first pole and waded to the second pole. There we tied up our line and kept wading to the third pole."

But they were still thirty feet away from the marooned family when they got as far as the rope would go—thirty feet of dangerous, rushing water.

Bob Gillespie's companions safeguarded the ropes while he fought his way alone to the cottage.

He made three trips through the rising tidal waters. First he carried a small boy to the comparative safety of the forward end of the rope.

Then, with considerable difficulty, assisted two women; and a man and another boy. And finally, though almost exhausted, he guided the entire group along the rope lifeline that led to high ground and safety.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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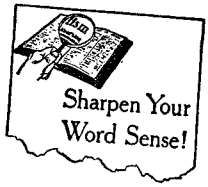
Dear Reader:



A magazine, like a life, has a rhythm of its own. It should be neither all work nor all play, but a zestful combination of both—with, now and then, a smile sandwiched between a tear. At Coronet we change pace with little tidbits of humor and pathos printed under such headings as "Grin and Share It" (jokes), "Noodle Annoyers" (puzzles), "Human Comedy" (anecdotes). These are gathered by our Filler Department, presided over by Assistant Editor Patricia Gately, whose unerring ability to spot a twice-told anecdote never ceases to awe us. To appreciate this, you must know that every Coronet joke is filed: *in June, 1950, joke No. 9,343 was printed; in this* issue you're now reading, the total has reached 14,057. Pat remembers them by their taglines. "You can't disguise taglines no matter how you change the beginning," she explains. Certain stories, of course, pop up regularly. Champ among these deals with the mother who tells her little boy. "From dust we come and to dust return." Next day, when she's entertaining her bridge club, her son announces loudly, "Mother, I just looked under my bed and there was someone either coming or going." Then there are stories of faith and courage which draw immense amounts of mail. One of the most repeated told of a cellar in Cologne, Germany, in which escaped prisoners of war were hidden. Later, on the wall, American soldiers found this inscription: "I believe in love, even when feeling it not. I believe in God, even when He is silent." Today, nearly four years after this story appeared, readers still remember it—proof that a tiny anecdote may have as much impact as a full-scale narrative.

The Editors

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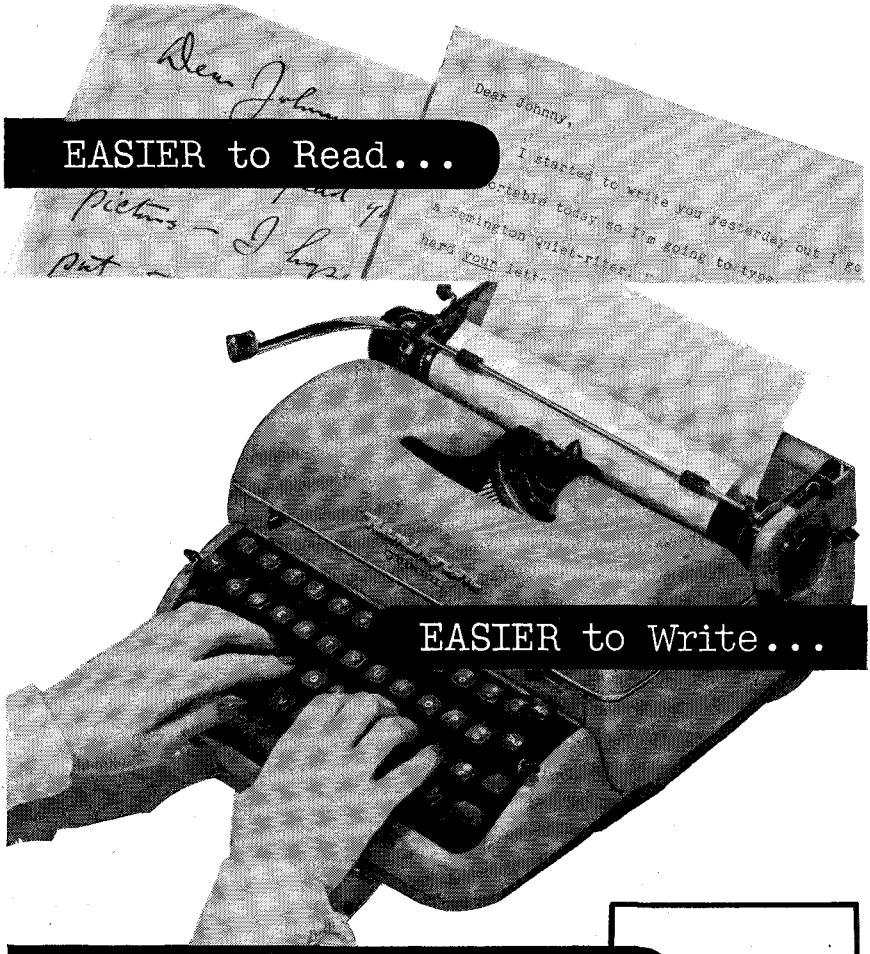

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Coronet

Contents for June, 1956 VOL. 40, No. 2, WHOLE No. 236

Articles

"Heart Surgery Saved My Life"..... CLARENCE FALK 25
Angel of the Sourdoughs..... ANNE FROMER 30
The Most Incorruptible Institution in France
IRWIN ROSS 33
Levi's Remarkable Pants..... ANDREW HAMILTON 37
Philadelphia's "Mr. Baseball"..... EDGAR WILLIAMS 41
Signs of the Desk Set..... ARTURO F. GONZALEZ, JR. 58
They'll Do Anything for Art..... CARL WINSTON 60
What You Should Know About Contests... TOM MAHONEY 65
Happiest Town in Michigan..... NORMAN SKLAREWITZ 69
What Your Handwriting Tells About Your Health
DR. W. G. ELIASBERG AND HERRY O. TELTSCHER 73
The Massacre of Wounded Knee..... JOSEPH N. BELL 78
Oregon's Wings of Mercy..... MURRAY MORGAN 82
Air Conditioning: a Luxury Turned Necessity
LESTER DAVID 85
She Blended Prayers with Her Paints... ALBERTA WILLIAMS 102
A Night of Terror . . . a Lifetime of Anguish
MARGIE ANSON AS TOLD TO CAL BERNSTEIN 107
The Day Judge Lynch Cried Hang... LAWRENCE ELLIOTT 113
The Mighty Mushroom..... REED MILLARD 129
"This Smoke Gets in My Eyes"..... JOHN KEATS 132
The Kissing Disease..... RUTH NEWBURN SEDAM 134
The San Andreas: Curse of the Coast
ARTURO F. GONZALEZ, JR. 137
Sweet Consequence of Murder..... RALPH INGERSOLL 141
Jaggers..... JANEANN SMALL 152

Pictorial Features

A Home for Larry.... PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZANNE SZASZ 46
Boss of the "13th"... PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARCHIE LIEBERMAN, TEXT BY JAMES A. SKARDON 90
Traveling Trademarks
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARROLL SEGHERS II 118

Service Features

Products on Parade..... SHOPPER'S GUIDE 18
Coronet Family Shopper..... 146
Coronet School and College Directory..... 150

Departments

Dear Reader:..... FROM THE EDITORS 3
Lavender Blonde..... MOVIES 6
You..... 10
The Wonder Child..... RECORDS 16
Roamin' Numerals..... A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 81
Grin and Share It..... HUMOR 89

Cover

Photograph by..... CHARLES BARRON

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In six pictures Kim Novak soars to stardom

Lucky 3 and 13

Lavender Blonde

THE HOLLYWOOD AGENT blinked his eyes. So did the Columbia Pictures talent scout, there on a friendly call. The svelte silvery blonde entering for an interview wore a sweater and pedal pushers—and she had parked her bike outside! Her manner was almost indifferent ("I thought it was about more modelling bits"). But her candor and directness impressed both men. The agent signed her; the scout set up a screen test.

The girl didn't take it seriously. "I woke up late that day and thought, 'They won't start on time anyway.' I rode over leisurely on my bike—and found *hundreds* of people waiting. I was two hours late—it cost the studio *thousands*," she shudders.

Columbia, fighting with Rita Hayworth, saw a potential sex siren in this girl, Marilyn Novak, and changed her name ("There was *another* Marilyn"). She likes Kim: "it has three letters—3 and 13 are lucky to me."

Kim, daughter of a railroad worker, was born February 13, 1933 at 3:13 a.m. in room 313 of a Chicago hospital. Too tall for her age, she was so shy and self-conscious that her Bohemian parents suggested dramatic lessons. (Her figure has since blossomed to a voluptuous 37-23-37½, standing 5'7" at 125 pounds.) She left college for a modelling tour. In Hollywood, more modelling opened the agent's door.

Her zooming career leaves no time to enjoy her $750 weekly salary: "I can only shop for sweaters—no fittings. If a sweater is too big, that's O.K.; if it's too tight, that's all right, too." Most of her sweaters, and her two bikes, are lavender. Her favorite flowers: violets and heather.

Columbia made this passion for lavender the theme of the socialite heroine Kim plays in *The Eddy Duchin Story*. After *Picnic*, the studio gave her a new seven-year pact, then charged $100,000 to loan her out for *Man with the Golden Arm*. Still a little shy, Kim Novak often seems dreamy and remote; her enigmatic smile underlines her uneasiness in her new-found fame. She collects lucky omens avidly, considers every gift a four-leaf clover ("You should see me on my way to work. I lug a *suitcase* full of lucky pieces. I almost dread getting gifts").

(*Additional Movie News on page 8*)

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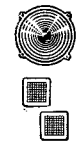
New exclusive in

ZENITH HIGH FIDELITY PORTABLE

gives you all the rich *bass* notes, even when you play it *softly!*

3 Speakers



One powerful 7½" "woofer" gives mellow low tones; two Zenith quality "tweeters" project clear, sweet trebles.

Extended Range

Amplifier gives essentially flat response of 20 to 20,000 CPS. Delivers virtually all the audible range with very finest tone and reproduction.

Genuine Zenith quality at only $99.95*

ZENITH'S beautiful new Grieg portable High Fidelity phonograph gives you *better* High Fidelity.

First, it features Zenith's new "Low Volume" amplifier circuitry to let you enjoy the vibrant *low* tones without "blasting" high volume!

What's more, Zenith's precision-engineered, balanced and matched components give true "Extended Range" High Fidelity. This means you hear virtually the lowest "lows" and the highest "highs" in the audible range.

Three superb speakers are housed in a *special* vented enclosure. A powerful "woofer" with Alnico-5 magnet reproduces all the *bass* notes, and two Zenith-developed electrostatic "tweeters" reproduce the *high* range with magnificent clarity. Other matched, balanced components include the Zenith Custom-Matic Record Changer, an *automatic* 4-speed changer with dual-needle cartridge...and a Zenith quality amplifier with essentially flat response of 20 to 20,000 cycles for finest reproduction.

The Grieg also features separate bass and treble controls, automatic Intermix and automatic Shut-Off. AC operation. Smart luggage-type case in black and white, or Mahogany color. **HFY-10.**

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A slice of everyday life in the Bronx—and the exciting world of mystery

THE CATERED AFFAIR (*MGM*). Bedlam begins when a Bronx girl (*Debbie Reynolds*) tells her family of her simple wedding plans. Neighbors and relatives clamor for a big wedding beyond their means. Three expert scene-stealers—Bette Davis, Ernest Borgnine, Barry Fitzgerald (*left*, surveying a ballroom for the reception)—keep Paddy (*Marty*) Chayefsky's story alternating between laughter and tears.

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH (*Paramount*). Alfred Hitchcock, preoccupied with comedy recently, returns to his specialty, suspense, in this melodrama. Everything is here: the Arab stabbed in the market place, breathing the vital clue into the hero's ear before dying; a chase through two continents; rescuing a young boy from kidnapers (*below*). James Stewart and Doris Day build the tension to a palm-sweating pitch. —MARK NICHOLS

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...and enjoy it again and again

with View-Master "come to life" color pictures

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YOU

Surprising new facts about single girls, caveman comics, and noise and your health

SINGLE BLISS: The popular belief that married girls are automatically happier than single girls is challenged by Floyd M. Martinson in the American Sociological Review. He reports that a survey of married and single girls graduated from high school between 1945 and 1949 showed the single girls were more self-reliant, got along better with their families and friends, made better use of talents and were less frustrated than their married sisters.

CAVE COMICS: Parents who are alarmed over the addiction of their children to comic books of violence can find consolation in the fact that the problem is as old as the human race. For, as Dr. Charles F. Gosnell, New York State Librarian sees it, today's comic book is but a technological refinement of 20,000-year-old cave drawings. Even these earliest "comics" were about killings and oversexed persons, Dr. Gosnell points out. He adds, "There seems to be some fundamental human urge for this type of thing; and like other urges it can be brought under intelligent direction; but it cannot be eliminated."

QUIET PLEASE! In this noisy age of city traffic and jet planes, it could be that the best insurance of sound nerves and a long life is a set of ear plugs. Drs. Edmund V. Mech and Henry Angelino at the University of Oklahoma report that, despite the common belief that we can "get used to noise," it has a definite effect on our working efficiency. Surprisingly enough it bothers well-adjusted persons more than those who are poorly adjusted, the Oklahoma doctors found. Other studies of the effects of noise have revealed that noise increases your pulse, quickens your blood pressure, and upsets the normal rhythm of your heart.

(Continued on page 14)

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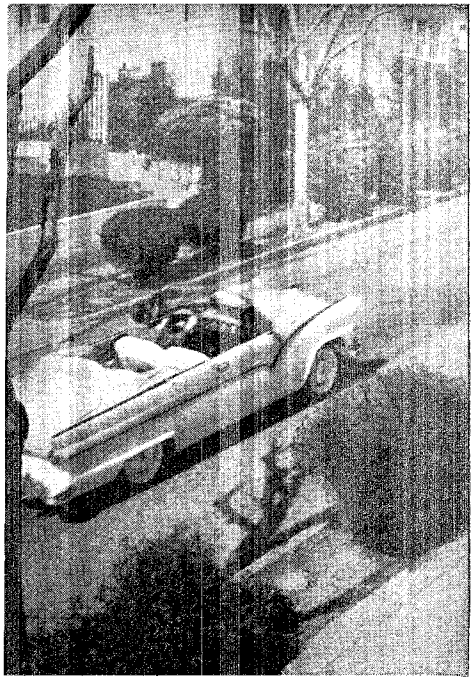
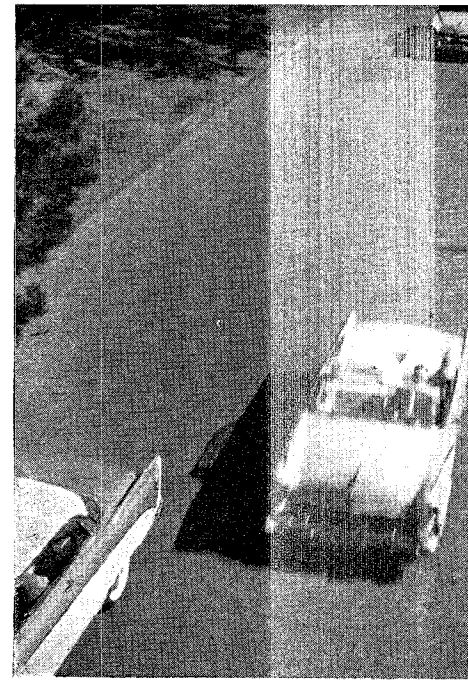


24% more road horsepower—for hill climb!



24% more road horsepower—for passing!

Champion introduces a great new spark plug

Tests prove new Champions give big power boost to cars that have gone about 10,000 miles without a spark plug change.
If you haven't changed your plugs recently, put in new Champions.
You'll get more power immediately!

You just can't imagine what a difference new 5-rib Champions can make in your car's actual horsepower.

But this difference has been conclusively proved by one of the country's largest independent research centers, using regular cars whose plugs had gone roughly 10,000 miles.

Only the plugs were changed. Yet there was an immediate increase in their road horsepower — the real power actually delivered at the rear wheels.

Some results were spectacular. A 1955 Six, whose plugs had gone 10,000 miles, gained 72.5%. A 1954 V-8, whose plugs had gone 12,000 miles, jumped 53.5%. Some gains, of course, were smaller. *But the average gain was 24%!*

And tests showed starting time reduced up to 71% — with an average of 39%!

If you haven't changed plugs recently, it's high time to install new Champions. Whatever your car, these great new spark plugs give you more actual road horsepower — *immediately!*

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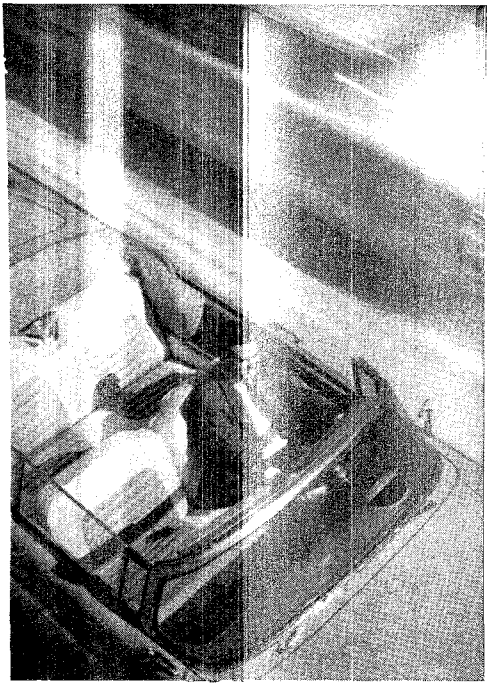
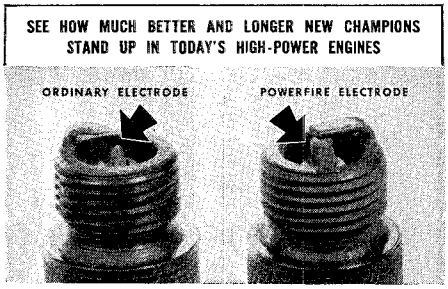


24% more road horsepower—for the straightaway!

Quicker starts, too—**39%** quicker!

-it can increase road horsepower by 24%!


SEE HOW MUCH BETTER AND LONGER NEW CHAMPIONS STAND UP IN TODAY'S HIGH-POWER ENGINES
ORDINARY ELECTRODE
POWERFIRE ELECTRODE

New Powerfire electrode makes the difference! Both of these spark plugs have been subjected to identical use in a modern high-compression engine. And you can see the old style electrode **(left)** is badly pitted and burned away. Plugs like that often misfire — waste power and gas. Champion's new Powerfire electrode **(right)** is still able to give many more miles of powerful, full-firing, economical performance!

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YOU

Dads' pangs, honest cowards, and bores

(Continued from page 10)

MATERNAL MAN: Apparently the picture of an expectant father as a mixed-up fellow who does silly things is more truth than whimsey. Testing fifty-five fathers-to-be, Dr. James L. Curtis of the State University of New York found that maladjusted men slipped back into childish ways when a baby was expected and showed hostility toward both the mother and the expected child. Well-adjusted men became anxious, irritable and developed morning sickness and other psychosomatic disorders resembling the physical state of the expectant mother.

HONEST COWARDS: Your own estimate of your fears about future events in which you may become involved can be taken as an accurate prediction of how you will react when you face the actual situation. In a recent test of airborne troops undergoing parachute training, Richard D. Walk of Cornell University found that men who frankly admitted in advance that they had considerable fear about jumping usually lacked confidence, were slow to learn techniques and often failed the training course. On the other hand, the men who had admitted little fear were more confident, learned quicker, and completed the course successfully. Mr. Walk found, too, that the men who said they were afraid had also displayed fear when facing past stresses. This indicates that a person knows from experience how he will react under pressure; and the best way to find out what he will do is to ask him.

CHECKING CHATTERBOXES: You can control filibusterers at parties, says Dr. William S. Verplanck of Harvard, merely by following a simple plan. If you want your tormenter to stop talking, don't encourage him by nodding your head in agreement, smiling politely at what he says or repeating his words after him. Instead, either disagree with him or say nothing at all. Within moments, he will fold up his windbag and silently steal away.

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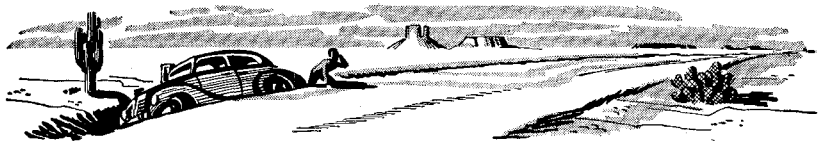

A Help for "Highway Hypnosis"

Tiny tablet reduces driving hazards for millions

BACK IN 1933, Americans by the thousands were deserting the dustbowl and heading west to California. Many more wanted to go if they could find a way.

Out in San Francisco, young Hugh T. Harrison owned a small used-car business. Why, he pondered, couldn't he hire people to drive cars from the Midwest to San Francisco, in exchange for their expenses?

Hugh T. Harrison . . . a business that grew by 'accidents'.

The idea took hold. But in the first few weeks, Harrison's venture was struck with disaster. Hurtling across the long straight stretches of Texas, one of the drivers dozed at the wheel and lost control. The car was completely wrecked.

Another wreck like the first. Then another! In desperation, Harrison appealed to a friend—a pharmacist. There *must* be a product, he felt, that would help these drivers fight off the "highway hypnosis" which stole over them as the endless miles rolled by.

No such product existed. But the pharmacist compounded a prescription, tested it. It worked! The basic ingredient was caffeine, the wake-up element in coffee. It gave drivers the necessary "lift" without a subsequent let-down.

Harrison recognized the possibilities of such a product. It would be a godsend to drivers everywhere! So he gave up his used-car business and began selling his discovery under the name of "NoDoz Awakeners."

So thanks to an accident and an idea, you can now get a lift without a let-down, through a tiny tablet, safe as coffee.

Today, millions of Americans fight fatigue safely, with NoDoz Awakeners... while driving and on the job. NoDoz Awakeners brush away those "three o'clock cobwebs" that steal productive hours.

Keep Alert Safely

SAFE AS COFFEE

Keep a package of NoDoz handy in your car, purse or pocket.

15 TABLETS	35¢
FAMILY PACK 35 TABLETS	69¢
ECONOMY SIZE 60 TABLETS	98¢

SOLD EVERYWHERE

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The Wonder Child

A BOY OF FOUR held a quill between pudgy fingers. He dipped it deep into the inkwell, set it on the paper and inkblots splashed all over it. He wiped them off with the palm of his hand and scribbled notes over the stains. "What are you doing there?" his father asked, and the boy answered, "I'm composing a concert for the clavier." The prodigy's name was Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, born 200 years ago.

MOZART AND HIS FAMILY

When he was six, his father, a musician himself, and two friends played a difficult trio. The youngster begged to play the violin part. He had not had any instruction, but when the men gave him a violin to get rid of his insistent bother he played it accurately and with feeling.

It was at that time that Mozart's father began taking him and his sister Nannerl, a girl of 11 and a gifted pianist, on musical tours through Europe. In Munich the children played for the Elector. In Vienna they were presented to the Imperial Court. Dressed in a gold-embroidered suit, wearing a formal wig and a stately sword, the undersized boy bedazzled the courtiers with his precocious artistry. In Paris, at the age of 8, he entertained the guests at the Queen's New Year's dinner with his extraordinary musicianship as well as the youthful gusto with which he devoured the precious meal which the queen fed him in little morsels. A French litterateur who then saw him tells of amazing feats, how he wrote his compositions without ever using an instrument, how he played the clavier faultlessly though the keyboard was covered with a cloth, how he improvised a complicated accompaniment to an aria after it was sung to him once. In Rome, the pride of cardinals was a famous Miserere. Under penalty of excommunication, the musicians were prohibited to take the score home or make a copy of it. Mozart listened to it and carried the composition out of the country, written down from memory in all its polyphonic detail.

And thus he spent his youth: for months and years away from home, held to traveling and playing without regard for a child's schedule of sleep, sick in foreign inns, spoiled one day and forgotten the next when his family asked for more recognition than mere petty gratuities. At 22, while Mozart was touring with his mother, she died in Paris. For the first time in his life Mozart was away from home alone. He was no longer a wonder child at whom the rich smiled benevolently, but a man competing in a

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world of intrigue with other musicians for the favors of the great, for commissions of musical works that never paid enough. His operas were successful, his production of other kinds of music enormous, but insecurity and poverty started to haunt him and, for the rest of his life, never left him.

He married at 26. Only nine more hectic years were given to him in which he produced one immortal work after another. A few months before his death a mysterious stranger, to Mozart's mind the Angel of Death, commissioned him to compose a Requiem. He died while he worked, driven by more appeals by the strange visitor, on this Mass for the dead. No one accompanied the coffin to the cemetery. He was given a pauper's funeral and buried in an unidentified grave.

The contemporary doctors diagnosed his sickness as a "heated fever." Mozart himself believed he had been poisoned by his enemies. But doctors today speculate that his death resulted from complete physical exhaustion brought on by the strain and wear of his early life as a wonder child.

Coronet's Choice From Recent Mozart Recordings

Symphonies Nos. 36, 39, 40, 41: Fritz Reiner, Chicago Symphony, RCA Victor LM-6035.

The Birth of a Performance: Symphony No. 36 ("Linz"), Rehearsals and finished recording: Bruno Walter, Columbia Symphony, Columbia SL-224.

Violin Concertos Nos. 2 and 5: Arthur Grumiaux, Bernhard Paumgartner, Vienna Symphony, Epic LC 3157.

Piano Concertos in A Major and D Minor: Clara Haskil, Bernhard Paumgartner, Vienna Symphony, Epic LC 3163.

Quartets K. 80, 136, 137, 138; Barylli Quartet, Westminster 18150.

Quartets K. 155, 156, 157, 158: New Music Quartet, Columbia ML 5003.

Quartets K. 499, 575: Stuyvesant String Quartet, Philharmonia PH 105.

The Last Quartets, Vol. 2, K. 589, 590: Budapest String Quartet, Columbia ML 5008.

Quintet K. 452 for Oboe, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon and Piano: Walter Gieseking, Philharmonia Wind Quartet, Angel 35303.

Serenade K. 388, Divertimento K. 287: Arthur Fiedler Sinfonietta, RCA Victor LM 1936.

Divertimento K. 334, Eine Kleine Nachtmusik: Fritz Reiner, Chicago Symphony, RCA Victor LM-1966.

Sonatas for Violin and Piano K. 454, 481: Joseph Szigeti, George Szell, Columbia ML 5005.

Mass in C Minor: Rudolph Moralt, Vienna Symphony and Vienna Chamber Choir, Epic SC-6009.

Mass No. 14 ("Coronation"); Symphony No. 38 ("Prague"): Igor Markevitch, Berlin Philharmonic, Decca DL 9805.

Don Giovanni: Max Rudolf, Radiotelevisione Italiana, Cetra C1253.

The Magic Flute: Ferenc Fricsay, RIAS Symphony, Decca DX-134.

Songs: Elisabeth Schwarzkopf with Walter Gieseking, Angel 35270.

—Fred Berger

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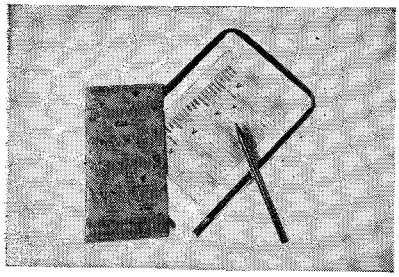
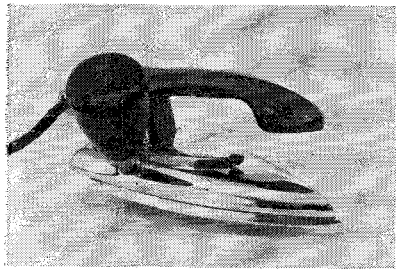
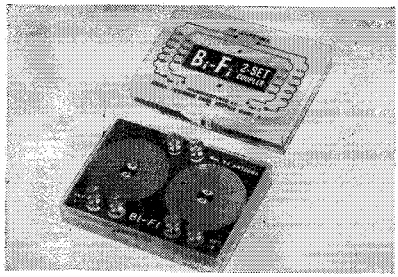


MARKET LIST is a magic slate that erases when pulled down in frame. 24 staples can be checked off with tortoise stylus. Has extra writing space for added needs. 4½" x 3½". Comes in imported tan leather case. $1.00 pp. Merrill Ann Creations, 102 C. Warren St., New York 7, N. Y.



THIS PORTABLE steam and dry iron fits compactly in a suitcase for use on long or short trips. Rubber bulb holds water for steam. Handle folds down. AC or DC currents. 19 sq. in. soleplate. Weighs 1¾ lbs. Carrying case. G.E. $9.95 plus postage. Macy's, Dept. 159, Herald Square, New York 1, N. Y.



BI-FI COUPLER permits operation of 2 TV sets or a TV and FM set from one antenna. Reduces inter-set interference. Connects to antenna terminal of each set and antenna lead-in cable. Can be installed in any room. $3.50 pp. Terminal Radio Corp., Dept. A, 85 Cortlandt St., New York 7, N. Y.

MARK homemade preserves with a personalized label which states that goods are: From the Pantry of ——. Name and design imprinted in colors on white gummed paper. 2½" x 3½". 1 line of print only. 50 for $1.00, 100 for $1.75, 200 for $3, pp. International Ind., Box 509-A, Culver City, Calif.

(Continued on page 20)

 Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

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DON'T

face another summer without Tampax

Remember how hot it was last Summer? Remember how you sweltered and suffered, and how—when it was time-of-the-month for you—all your discomforts seemed multiplied a thousandfold? Don't face another Summer without Tampax internal sanitary protection. It's the coolest thing you can wear—actually, you can't feel it when it's in place. And because it's both "invisible" and protective, you can even swim while you're wearing it!

Tampax, of course, can't do anything about the weather. But it can and does prevent chafing and irritation. It can and does eliminate belts, pins and pads. It's easy to dispose of (nice when you're visiting). It's so made that the wearer's hands need not touch it at any time. And several "spares" can tuck into your purse without anyone ever seeing them.

Get Tampax at any drug or notion counter this very month. Your choice of three absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Economy size gives an average 4-months' supply—carries you through the whole Summer. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

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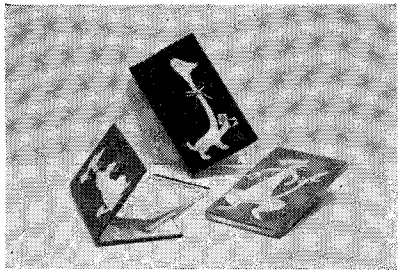
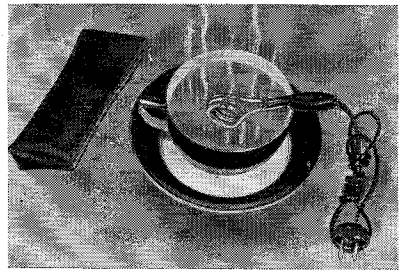
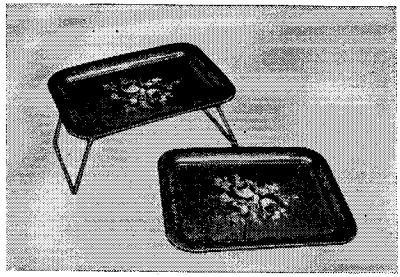


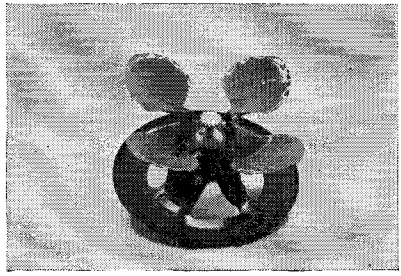
PERKY handmade score pad covers will delight your friends, make unusual gifts or prizes. Comes with bridge or canasta fillers. Dog, cat or poodle appliqued on black, brown, green, aqua, red or gray felt. $2.95 pp. complete. Whitney & Rogers, 23-A Fox Meadow Rd., Scarsdale, N. Y.



PORTABLE IMMERSION HEATER brings a cup of cold water to a boil in 2 minutes. Use at home, in the office or when traveling. Metal coil is attached to 32″ cord. Heat resistant handle. AC or DC current. $3.50 pp. Hoffritz For Cutlery, Dept. CO, 331 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



FOLDING TRAY TABLE is not confined to sickroom or TV usage. Take it along on a picnic or to a barbecue. Stands 9″ high. Legs fold flat for storage. 12¾″ x 17½″ surface takes a place setting. Black with floral design. Sturdy metal. $1.50 pp. Miles Kimball Co., 122 Bond St., Oshkosh, Wisc.



CONTROL direction of spray for lawn or garden sprinkling by raising or lowering petal-shaped sides. D-Flekt-O has serrated edge on head which breaks water stream into spray to guard against eroding of top soil. Rustproof. $4.95 pp. Berneil Prod., Dept. C, 516 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 36, N. Y.

(Continued on page 22)

A new School and College Directory: As an additional service to our readers, Coronet presents a new listing of educational opportunities on pages 150 and 151.

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American Modern...

accented by the casual comfort of

skippies

Yours is the fashion story of freedom-loving line . . . American Modern. It shows in the way you wear your clothes . . . with subtle accents that make fashion essentially *you*. You demand underfashions that control with a comfort-minding touch. No wonder you prefer Skippies . . . the smart solution to your fashion figuring!

Skippies Pantie No. 846 slims with elastic net, front and back panels. Also available as Girdle, $6.50. "Life Romance" Strapless Bra No. 379. 32A to 38B. $4.00 32C to 42D. $5.00

Formfit
CREATIONS

Separates designed by Jeanne Campbell for Sportwhirl

THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • CANADIAN PLANT, TORONTO

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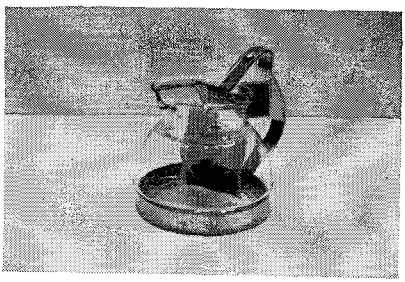
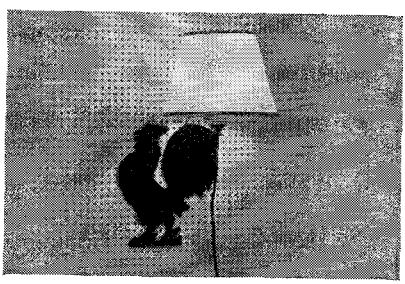
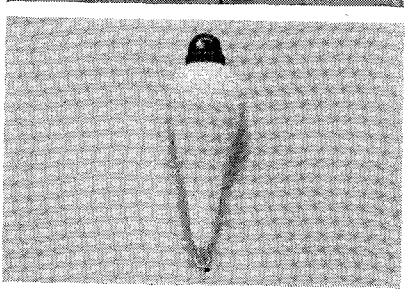


WATCH TEA steep to desired strength in this Tea Bagger. String wraps around cleat to lift bag above water, permits putting off disposal until washing time. Pyrex bowl snaps out of stainless steel frame for cleaning. $3.25 pp. Hammacher-Schlemmer, Dept. H., 145 E. 57th St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.



CROWING ROOSTER LAMP has a pegboard frame for hanging household objects. Lamp clips to Masonite board which screws into wall. Comes supplied with 4 hooks for utensils. Choice of red or black rooster (9" x 8") or fish (6" x 14"). $4.50 pp. Garret Thew Studios, Westport 91, Conn.



THIS BATTERY-POWERED plug signals with a red light whenever a fish is hooked. Lite Bob is rigged to line so that contact points close when fish take a bite. Shines several hundred feet at night. For pole or cast fishing. Uses pen cell battery. $3.00 pp. The Lite Bob Co., Dept. C-1, Marlin, Tex.

BOTTLE BIBS add a decorative note to parties and barbecues. Tie a bib around each bottle to give a firm grip and prevent dripping excess liquid on table. Pockets hold cigarette. Loop is handy keeper for opener. Cotton in assorted colors. 6 for $2.00 pp. Scandicrafts, Dept. 8, Ardsley 8, N. Y.

TO READERS OF PRODUCTS ON PARADE: See Coronet's Family Shopper, on page 146, for listings of additional mail order products and service which may be of further interest and value to you.

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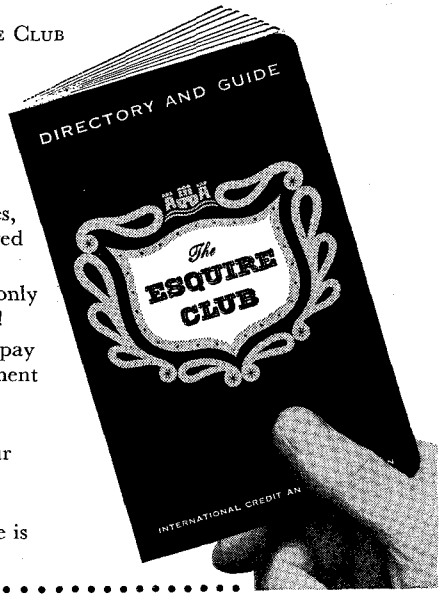

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Your Bank _____ Branch _____ ☐ Regular ☐ Savings

Charge Accts. at _____

Your Signature _____ If Company account, signature of Authorized Executive

Check Only One

☐ Company Account—Bill to office address

☐ Personal Account—Bill to office address

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Specify:

☐ $5.00 enclosed

☐ Bill me

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The difference between this...

and this...

is often this...

Chafe-Guard your baby... with the *only* powder containing a special ingredient that *neutralizes* the irritants in body moisture.

Safe-Guard your baby... with the finest, *purest* baby oil there is, specially blended with wonderfully soothing lanolin.

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"Heart Surgery Saved My Life"

by CLARENCE FALK

When surgeons patched the main artery leading from his heart, he understood, as never before, the almost terrifying wonder of being alive

THE DOCTOR GAVE ME a searching look and then threw a hard punch, "Has anyone ever suggested heart surgery to you?"

Stunned, I couldn't find my tongue as wild thoughts reeled through my mind. A heart operation—why that's the last gamble for those who have no other hope. If I survive, how long will I be hospitalized and unable to work? Will I ever be able to lead a normal life again? But if I refuse an operation, what's ahead for me?

"No," I stammered, "nobody ever thought my heart condition was serious enough for that."

The doctor gave an understanding nod. "Heart surgery has made tremendous progress in the last eight years. There are several good heart teams in the country, any one of which could operate on you with very little risk.

"You apparently have a congenital coarctation of the aorta," he went on casually. "This is a narrowing of the trunk artery that takes the fresh blood from the heart to the body. It prevents needed blood from reaching your lower body and

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builds up pressure in the upper arteries. And, of course, it forces your heart to work harder.

"While your condition is not urgent now, it may give you serious trouble later. The sooner you have it corrected, the better."

I had lived with a heart murmur and high blood pressure for many years, but they didn't slow me down much. Lately, however, heavy exertion would bring on stabbing chest pains and shortness of breath. It frightened me. And it was this that had brought me to see the cardiologist.

"But you needn't take my word alone," added the doctor. "Get the opinion of another heart specialist before you make a decision."

NOT LONG AFTER, I visited another doctor. "What's the verdict?" I asked anxiously, when the examination was over.

"There's nothing wrong with your heart, Mr. Falk."

I couldn't believe my ears.

"You undoubtedly were born with a narrowing of the aorta," he went on to explain, "but your heart is not damaged. If it hasn't been damaged in thirty-five years, there is no good reason why it shouldn't hold out for the rest of your life. Just don't overexert yourself."

I bounced gayly out of the office. Then a creeping doubt began to torment me. Which doctor should I believe? If trained men of science couldn't agree on what I needed, how was an uninformed layman like me to know what to do?

I had a wife and a two-year-old daughter to think about. Their lives also hung on my decision. The anxious uncertainty gnawed at me for months. Then I heard about the famous Bailey Thoracic Clinic in Philadelphia. I made an appointment for an examination and decided that whatever they said would be final.

In Philadelphia I was again questioned, stethoscoped, tapped, fluoroscoped and cardiographed. The verdict: I needed an operation. I could expect to be hospitalized for two weeks.

That settled it. On a Monday afternoon, Aug. 22, 1955, I was admitted to the hospital and introduced to my roommate, a well-built mechanic named Chester, who was suffering from a leaking heart valve caused by rheumatic fever in childhood.

The next day was busy with consultations, X rays and blood tests. And that evening tall, bespectacled Dr. Charles P. Bailey himself, the renowned heart surgeon, examined Chester and me. He ordered that Chester be scheduled for surgery on Friday. My case required further study.

Dr. Bailey's words left me sweating with anxiety.

When I awoke at 6:30 the next morning, I found myself surrounded by a bedside convention of cardiologists and surgeons, who announced that before they decided whether I needed an operation, they wanted an aortagram.

"What's that?" I numbly asked.

"Oh," replied one lightly, "we run some iodide fluid through your aorta and take X rays in order to pinpoint the location and extent of

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"Four and a half hours later I came to with a shower of stars and clashing planets..."

your coarctation. It won't hurt."

Almost immediately, I was removed to the X-ray room and placed on an operating table. A doctor gave me two sedative pills, and a shot in the arm for a local anesthetic. Then they made an incision in my right arm above the elbow and began looking for the artery. I could feel electric shocks running down to my fingers, as if my hand were asleep.

When they caught hold of the artery they inserted into it a hollow plastic tube—perhaps a 16th of an inch in diameter—known as a catheter, and ran it up my arm, through my chest, and into the aorta. Then they pumped the iodide fluid, which is opaque to X ray, through the catheter and into the aorta while they took a series of pictures to record the flow of the iodide.

The X rays were developed quickly; an intern sewed up the incision. It had all taken 90 minutes.

Soon after I got back to my room came the word: a heart operation was imperative for me. I would go on the table at 10:30 the next morning, two hours after Chester.

This was it! Hiding my emotions, I cornered a surgeon and asked him, "What chance do I have to come off that table alive?"

"Over 95 per cent," he reassured me.

A little later, my sister came in with the good news that my wife was flying to Philadelphia. Then I learned that special duty nurses would be needed around the clock for three days after the operation.

Not having had any lunch, I almost enjoyed my supper. Suddenly my nervousness had left. The uncertainty was over now. I went to sleep with a silent prayer that all would go well.

A priest came in the next morning and took confession from Chester. I decided to do my own praying.

"Good luck, Ches," I called as they wheeled my roommate into the operating room. He grinned and disappeared.

The O. R. schedule dragged late. The clock said 12:50 when they finally rolled me into the O. R. Dr. Houck E. Bolton showed me an X ray of the aortagram. It revealed a more serious narrowing of my aorta then the cardiologists had suspected.

Then, suddenly, I went out like a light. I learned afterwards that they had given me a shot of sodium pentathol.

Four and a half hours later I came to with a shower of stars and clashing planets. It was 5:20 when they wheeled me out of the operating room.

The surgeons (three of them) had removed the constricted segment of the aorta, which is a tough pinkish

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hose about the size of a finger, and stitched the two loose ends of this artery together in a leak-proof fit. It had not been necessary to bridge the gap with plastic tubing.

The first week was rough—pain, sweats, chills, sedatives, and penicillin shots every four hours that burned like a branding iron. My body felt as though it had been cut in two. The incision started at the middle of my chest, swung around my left side and up the back to my shoulder blade.

My back, since I had to lie on the incision, ached constantly. For some reason, it was even more painful to lie on my right side.

Chester was resting more comfortably. He had only a chest incision, the surgeons having gone in from the front to correct a leaking mitral valve—a two-hour operation in his case.

I was ordered to cough in order to exercise my lungs, which had been collapsed during the operation, and to get up the sputum that inevitably gathered from my dormant position and shallow breathing. The pain was brutal.

Doctors and nurses measured time by the number of days after the operation. On the sixth day I was allowed to sit up and dangle my legs over the side of the bed. On the seventh I took my first feeble steps to the weighing-in scale. I had lost fifteen pounds.

I asked Dr. Bolton, about the ability of the heart to undergo surgery more than once.

"Oh yes," he replied, "sometimes we can't finish all that needs doing the first time. We do what is most urgent. Then, after a year or more, when the heart is stronger, we complete the job. But don't worry, your job is done."

On the eleventh day, a doctor took off my bandages and removed the sutures. I kept the long steel wires as souvenirs and that night I had my first restful sleep since the operation.

On the twelfth day I was taken down for X rays. If they revealed no complications I would be discharged on the fourteenth day.

TWO NIGHTS LATER—my last in the hospital—I awoke after only two hours sleep. My incision was giving me trouble. Slowly pacing up and down the lonely corridor, I entered the solarium and looked out of the window at the late street traffic below. Cars spurted forward with a green light. Did the unknown human beings behind the wheel also realize that their lives—that the lives of all living creatures—hung by a thread? Strange that man can build and run his complex cities when death keeps snapping the thread. Stranger still that he can live in the midst of suffering, and pass by untouched.

The morning dragged as I waited for my wife to come and get me. At last she appeared. I said goodbye to Chester and walked slowly to the elevator.

It seemed oddly unreal to step out on the open street again among the hurrying crowds. We went to my mother's home in Philadelphia, where I was greeted with tears and smiles. Sigrid appeared shyly behind grandma's skirt. Daddy, as

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well as she, had changed in the last three weeks. But when I pulled out a doll the gap was bridged and, before long, life resumed where we had left off.

At first, recovery was discouragingly slow. A routine checkup at the Clinic after the first week revealed no complications. But it was two weeks before I was able to go out for a walk alone. I never remembered green grass looking so beautiful.

After my second checkup the cardiologist said I was free to leave the city, but asked that I come back to see him in six months. My family took me to Lake George in the Adirondacks, where shortly the new baby, Karen, joined us. And there, amid Nature's autumn splendor and winter peace, I began to live again.

Acutely aware of the brevity and mystery of life, I took hold of elemental values. Many things that formerly mattered now became unimportant. Humility, love, the wonder of creation and the simple, rewarding joys of childhood took their place.

This has been the unexpected gift from heart surgery—an appreciation of life, as well as an extension of it.

Heart disease is our No. 1 killer—over 553,000 persons a year—and it afflicts five and a half million others. Many forms of heart disease cannot be treated by surgery. But in the last eight years, progress has been remarkable. At Philadelphia's Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital alone, where Dr. Bailey and his associates pioneered in this work, more than 2,000 operations have been performed. And there are now good heart teams in other medical centers.

A heart operation is rough going. It is costly, ranging from $500 to $2,500, depending upon hospital accommodations and stay, special tests, special duty nurses, and the patient's financial condition. It means at least two months away from work. Only partial recovery may be possible. And there is some risk of failure—though much less than commonly supposed.

Nevertheless, as one who underwent heart surgery, I say to those who can benefit from it, "Face this modern miracle with hope and gratitude for the added years and new quality of life it promises."

Tribute

ONE NIGHT, coming up from Washington, Paul Krichell, the Yankee scout, was sitting in a Pullman. As the train slowed down for New Brunswick, Krichell stood up and put on his hat. Then he immediately took it off with a slow, elaborate gesture and stood at attention in the aisle, straight and solemn, until the train had passed through the town.

"I always do that," explained Krichell.

"I didn't know you came from here," a friend said.

"I don't," the scout replied. "But this is where I first saw Lou Gehrig . . . in a Columbia-Rutgers game."

—JIMMY CANNON

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A boss-lady in a man's world, this tiny, slender woman is the protector of Canada's hard-bitten mining prospectors and is called—

Angel of the Sourdoughs

by ANNE FROMER

IN MARCH, 1956, 1,600 Northland prospectors, discoverers of some of the most fabulous mines of Canada, got together to elect a leader. When the votes were tabulated, these traditionally toughest and most hard-bitten men on earth solemnly broke into a chorus of *Let Me Call You Sweetheart.*

This was no outburst of latter day frontier humor. For the newly elected president of Canada's Prospectors and Developers Association was pretty, petite Viola MacMillan. It was the 13th year in a row that the grand ballroom of the Royal York Hotel in Toronto had resounded to what prospectors have come to call "Viola's theme song."

Viola MacMillan had been elected because she happens to be probably one of the most active, enterprising, versatile and successful prospectors and mining developers in Canada. But even more significant is the leading role she has played in changing the entire pattern of prospecting.

When she first became president, Northland prospecting was a long-odds gamble in which men matched a lifetime of hardship against the hope of making a rich strike in gold. Today, it is no less an adventure but it has developed into an enlightened search for the strategic wonder metals on which the safety of Western civilization depends.

In Viola MacMillan's decade of leadership, Canada's annual mining output has expanded from $565,000,000 to approximately $2,000,000,000. Her Prospectors and Developers Association has become the largest organization of its kind in the world.

In her favorite role of one of Canada's busiest prospectors, Mrs. MacMillan has developed a million dollar domain of mines in many of the rich mineral belts of Canada.

To most people, gold is the magnet of the Canadian North. Actually, gold is becoming much less important in the great new age of mining—outshone by wonder minerals like beryllium, titanium, columbium, uranium, lithium.

Lithium's unique importance is on the Western world's newest po-

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tential battlefront, the Arctic. A war in the eternal cold would be fought, to an extent greater than in any other theater, by machines. Machines cannot operate without lubricating grease—and in deep cold the tendency of grease to become as granular (and non-lubricating) as sand is prevented by—lithium.

"I GUESS I just kept trying my hand at one thing and another until I found what I had to do—mining," Viola MacMillan says.

She was born, the 13th of the 15 children of Thomas and Harriet Huggard, on a farm in the great rocky region of Muskoka, Ontario. In her teens, she went to Windsor, Ontario, where she became in succession a clerk, telephone company switchboard operator, supervisor, and finally secretary in a law firm.

One day she was introduced to George MacMillan, who worked in a Detroit railway express office but was also a native of Ontario's North country. They were married, honeymooned over a weekend, and went back to their jobs.

The next summer, MacMillan's uncle offered them "a real honeymoon." A veteran of the North woods, he had picked up a few mining claims in northern Ontario.

Under Canadian law, claim holders must carry out a certain minimum of development work in order to retain their title. Would the young couple like to work his claims for their summer vacation?

Viola and George jumped at the chance.

From then on, Viola eagerly read every textbook on mining and geology she could lay her hands on; and every summer she and her husband packed tent, sleeping bags, supplies and prospectors' tools into their old car and headed north.

"We didn't exactly strike it rich," MacMillan says, "but we uncovered enough free gold to keep us interested."

Finally, she and her husband decided to become full-time prospectors—for better or worse—so they packed their faithful old car with all their portable belongings and left Windsor. Their first big break came shortly thereafter.

One day the MacMillans were chugging along in the Kirkland Lake region of Ontario when they picked up a hitch-hiker, a young man who explained that he had been ill and hoped that a trip into the North might help him convalesce. On impulse, Viola suggested that he join their exploration party.

Two days later, deep in the bushland, the youth suffered a relapse and pneumonia set in. The MacMillans had to rush him to the hospital in Kirkland Lake.

"And so it happened that we got into that town a couple of hours after news had come in of a gold strike in Hislop Township—in the opposite direction from where we had been looking. We made sure that the sick boy got good care, then set off on the heels of the gold rush—at four o'clock in the morning."

Viola MacMillan found herself truly in her element in the midst of the milling, gold-fevered professional and amateur prospectors. Scarcely pausing to eat or sleep,

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she and her husband staked some 2,000 acres of claims.

But she discovered herself almost as much concerned with the success of the other prospectors as with her own. She set about organizing them into syndicates and swapping shares.

She herself emerged with a string of claims which were to make her the largest individual shareholder in the rich Hallnor Gold Mines—but many an independent prospector could thank Viola MacMillan for showing him how to keep possession of his own mining claims.

It was on this gold rush that the legend of Viola was born. It was the first time most of the prospectors had ever seen a woman take an active part in claim-staking, and the sight of the slender, diminutive, but tireless girl sharing their hardships won the hearts of the hard-bitten mining men.

With the profits from Hallnor, the MacMillans formed ViolaMac Mines, and under this trademark prospected across the rim of Ontario, Quebec and into the Northwest Territories.

Soon after Viola became a full-time miner she joined The Prospectors Association, to the rueful head-shakings of old-timers. By 1937, they accepted her to the extent of electing her secretary-treasurer; and a few years later she began her still-unbroken reign as top boss of all Canadian prospectors.

Today, although she and her husband preside over their large, broadloomed, fluorescent, glass-partitioned company suite occupying one floor of a building in Toronto's financial district, and live alternately in a downtown penthouse and a house in swank Forest Hill Village, Viola keeps duffle-bag packed and bedroll and nylon tent rolled and strapped, ready for instant departure.

The latest light in her ever-bright eyes is the Cat Lake region, 85 miles northeast of Winnipeg, where her diamond drills have brought up rich strata of lithium, and where she is delightedly meeting a new and exciting challenge—to become one of the first Canadian producers of that now vital magic mineral.

Looking Back

THE GOOD OLD DAYS: When you got the landlord to fix anything by just threatening to move. —*Grit*

BEST THING about the old-fashioned blacksmith was that when you brought him your horse to be shod, he didn't think of 40 other things that needed fixing. —*Pure Oil News*

REAL PROSPERITY: 1912 taxes, 1928 dividends, 1932 prices, 1956 wages. —Nassau Smelting & Refining Co.

MANY MEN would turn over a new leaf if they could tear out some of the old pages. —Bob Hope

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The Most Incorruptible Institution in France

by IRWIN ROSS

Famed index of hostelries—the *Guide Michelin*—toasts good ones and roasts the bad

TRAVELING THROUGH FRANCE recently, I arrived with a friend at a fine old restaurant in Provence. We were in a sodden, disheveled state after a rainy drive on a motor scooter.

I had phoned for reservations earlier, but after one look at us, the headwaiter could not find my name on his list. We would have to wait at least an hour, perhaps two, he said.

"Can't we wait in the bar?" I asked.

Sorry, no; it was all filled.

At this point, I hauled a soggy book out of my raincoat pocket. "Let's see where else we can go," I muttered, flipping the pages.

When he saw the book, the headwaiter suddenly came alive. "Pardon me, monsieur, there may have been some mistake," he said, darting into the dining room. Two minutes later he was back, having found a table.

Had he turned us away, he was running the hazard of a furious letter of protest sent to the Paris headquarters of a publication called the *Guide Michelin*, which takes a very dim view of restaurants that do not honor reservations.

The *Guide Michelin* is more than the world's most famous hotel-and-restaurant guide. This fat, oblong, red-covered book of about 900 pages is also one of the most powerful institutions in France because it is utterly reliable and completely incorruptible.

A three-star rating is the highest distinction a restaurant can receive from the *Guide*. For years this honor was bestowed on "La Tour d'Ar-

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gent," a celebrated Paris restaurant known to generations of American tourists.

Suddenly, in 1952, the *Guide* dropped "La Tour d'Argent" to a mere two stars—and the gastronomic world buzzed with the sensation. Chastened and publicly apologetic, the proud restaurant set about repairing its deficiencies and the following year got back its third star.

No sensible person in France ever takes a long auto trip without the *Michelin* in the glove compartment. There are other guidebooks, of course, but none as exhaustive or as accurate.

In the remotest corner of France, the *Guide* will suggest a decent hotel and a restaurant whose kitchen can be trusted. In many cases, it will point to mouth-watering delicacies which might otherwise elude the traveler.

Its close-packed pages contain descriptive listings of more than 9,000 hotels and restaurants, complete with prices, service charges, house specialties and the best local wines. A one-star listing in its pages is enough to make a gold mine out of an off-trail country inn; the rare three-star billing can elevate a chef into the ranks of the culinary immortals.

To insure that its readers get the best service, it advises: "Have your *Guide* visible when you enter a hotel. Put it on your table in a restaurant."

The Michelin Tire Corporation has been putting out the guidebook since the turn of the century. Back in 1900, the Michelin people, who pioneered pneumatic tires for automobiles, sensibly determined that any service that would push tourism would help the sale of tires. And so the *Guide* was begun as a modest promotional venture, the first slender edition being given away free.

It adopted as its motto: "*Pas de piston, pas de pot de vin*" (No pull, no bribery). It accepted no advertising and soon attained a reputation for a rare integrity as well as an exacting palate.

The 1955 number sold 230,000 copies at 800 francs (around $2.30) in France, $3.75 in the U.S. But despite its large sale, the book is so expensive to produce that Michelin regularly—and cheerfully—loses over $100,000 on each edition. The good will is worth the loss.

The *Guide* is easy to use. In the English edition, the opening pages of text are in parallel columns of English and French. Each hotel and restaurant is described by ingenious symbols. Five towers indicate a de-luxe hotel, four a first-class hotel, three a "very comfortable" establishment.

A tiny radiator shows there is central heating, a car that a garage is attached to the hotel. A spigot indicates that only cold water is available, a candle that there is no electricity. A bird in a rocking chair marks a quiet location. If it is also out in the countryside, the bird and the rocking chair are red.

The number of crossed forks and spoons—from one to five—signify the degree of elegance of an establishment, from "plain but good" to "de-luxe." The quality of the food is shown by the stars. One star

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means: "A good meal for the district." Two: "Excellent cuisine; worth a detour." Three: "One of the best tables in France; worth a special journey."

About the three-star restaurants, the editors add, rhapsodically: "Memorable meals redounding to the glory of French cooking, the best wines, impeccable service, elegant surroundings . . . In these restaurants, price has no meaning. Give notice of your visit whenever possible; with this warning the chef will be able to excel himself."

In all France there are but 12 three-star restaurants, 56 two-star, and 613 one-star. But every starless restaurant in the *Guide* is supposed to be "good."

To facilitate the gustatory planning of a trip, the *Guide* also provides detailed maps of "*Les Bonnes Tables*," showing the location of every starred restaurant. There is also a map for moderate-priced meals, another for the best-known wines, and several devoted to "*Hôtels agréables, tranquilles, bien situés.*" Road maps are included, as are custom-house maps and lists of snowblocks and ferryboat schedules.

The editors of the *Guide* are allergic to gouging. They urge readers to submit a complaint to the Michelin office, together with the offending bill, if there are unreasonable overcharges. The editors then write a pointed little note to the proprietor, and usually receive a check and a pained letter of apology for the offended party, by return mail. Far better to pay up than be excluded from next year's book!

To compile its mass of informa-

Classification

	De luxe hotel.
	Outstandingly comfortable hotel.
	Very comfortable hotel.
	Good average hotel.
	Plain but fairly comfortable hotel.
	Very plain but adequate hotel.
	De luxe restaurant.
	First class restaurant.
	Very comfortable restaurant.
	Fairly comfortable restaurant.
	Plain but good restaurant.

Charges

800/450	Maximum (800 francs) and minimum (450 francs) including cover charge, for fixed priced meals served during normal hours (12 noon to 1:30 p.m. and 7 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.).

Situation

	Pleasant view or landscape.
	Unusual view.
	Peaceful situation
	Peaceful and remote situation. (With brief description of the position, if particularly attractive.)

Fixtures, etc.

	Central heating.
	Bidet with running water.
	Bathroom and lavatory adjoining bedroom.
	Bathroom.
	External telephone in bedroom.
	Free garage (for one night's stay only) for those carrying the Guide.
	Charge made for garage.

Cuisine

	One of the best tables in France, worth a special journey.
	Excellent cuisine, worth a detour.
	A good meal for the district.

Notable places of interest

★★★	Worth a special journey.
★★	Worth a detour.
★	Worth seeing.

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tion, the *Guide* relies on a staff of seven full-time inspectors, supplemented by the reports of the tire company's representatives in every part of France, and some 13,000 letters a year from readers. Every item of information in these letters is coded and tabulated on a sheet devoted to each hotel and restaurant; if the reports are unflattering, the place is marked for a new inspection before the next edition goes to press. The inspectors get around to every establishment at least once in two years.

At a restaurant, the inspector arrives incognito, just another businessman ready to enjoy himself. After he has eaten, sampled a few wines and paid his bill, he doffs his mask and is led by the disconcerted proprietor through the kitchen, wine cellar and wash rooms. Cleanliness is regarded as important as good cooking, service as more important than decor.

From time to time the editors receive plaintive notes from restaurants seeking to be included in the *Guide*. An inspector usually looks in on his next rounds.

The files bulge with expressions of gratitude from restaurants that have made the grade. Wrote one proprietor, who had just received his first star: "I still can't find appropriate words to describe the joy this gave me. I kissed everybody, even the woman who washes the dishes—and she is no beauty!"

Travel Affairs

MY GRANDPAW ONCE picked up a young hitch-hiker in his dilapidated car. Suddenly Grandpaw pulled a pistol on him and said, "Look in that compartment there and pull out that fruit jar; screw the lid off. Now take a drink."

The boy took a drink of about 120-proof white-lightning, mountain-sugar-corn whisky. Tears came into his eyes and he started coughing and choking.

Then Grandpaw handed the boy the pistol and said: "Now, you make me take a drink."

—From *The Herman Hickman Reader* by HERMAN HICKMAN, Simon & Schuster, Inc., New York, Publishers. Copyright, 1953, by Herman Hickman

ONE EVENING while the Ambassador, a crack streamliner of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, made its scheduled run, two gunmen decided to stage a robbery aboard the train. After having the conductor signal the engineer to stop the train, the thugs proceeded to relieve the passengers of their valuables.

Meanwhile, occupants of the end Pullman being unaware of the reason for the delay, a scholarly appearing gentleman arose and went to consult the conductor.

He was waved back by a frightened porter who said, "We're being held up."

"Yes, I know we are," replied the indignant passenger, "but what's holding us up?"

—STEVE TARBUCK

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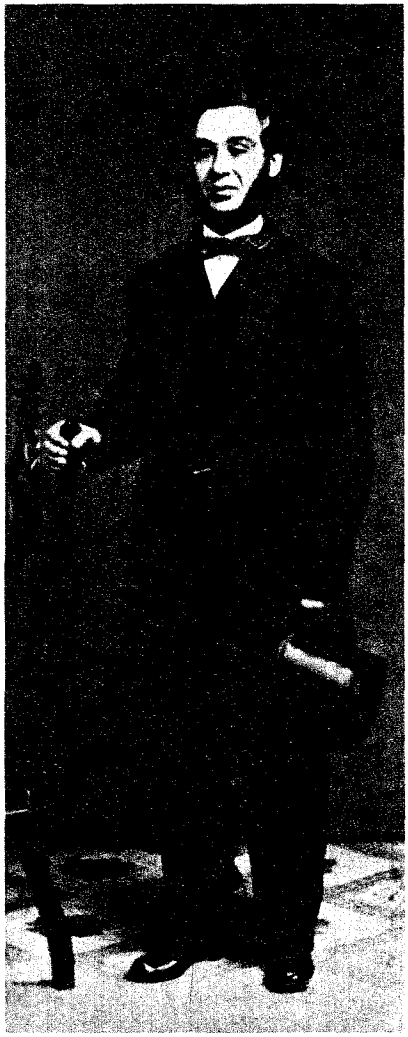
Levi's Remarkable Pants

by ANDREW HAMILTON



Mr. Strauss liked to wear formal garb.

Since 1850, his jeans cover 'em all—miner, milady or drugstore cowboy

A CALIFORNIA RANCH HAND was standing in front of a saddlery one day in Fresno when a salesman for a tailored-to-measure house came up.

"Interest you in a suit of clothes, cowboy?"

"Nope. Got the best tailor in the world already."

"Yeah? Who is he?"

"Levi Strauss," said the cowpuncher. "Been makin' my clothes ever since I put on long pants."

By that he meant Levi's, those tough, form-fitting low-hipped blue denim pants with the orange stitching and copper-riveted pockets which Levi Strauss and Company of San Francisco turns out at a rate of nearly 9,000,000 a year.

Levi's—and their many imitations—are not only standard regimentals for today's teen-agers of both sexes virtually the world over but for more than a century they have been found wherever hard wear and hard work go together. They were on the job when California gold was panned and the Panama Canal dug. They are worn on rubber plantations in Sumatra, in uranium mines in Canada and on oil-drilling rigs in Iraq.

Some people think it was Mar-

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Levi added rivets to pants because a miner stuffed ore in his back pockets.

lene Dietrich who put American women in long pants. Others credit Levi Strauss. For many years, Western women have borrowed trousers from their husbands for riding or for heavy work around ranches. During World War II, Rosie the Riveter made blue denim pants so popular with the ladies that several feminine styles are now manufactured.

Women who first climbed into "cowboy pants" made the surprising discovery that Levi's were flattering to their figures. And many a hard-pressed American father has found Levi's the answer to the clothing needs of a growing family. Chief Justice of the Supreme Court Earl Warren, when Governor of California, confessed that his six children grew up in blue jeans.

"We'd probably have gone bankrupt without 'em," he said jovially at the 100th anniversary celebration of the company in 1950.

The tradition of college students wearing Levi's is said to have originated at the University of California in Berkeley during the 1930s. Later, the custom spread to Midwestern and Eastern universities.

In the West, where they originated, these famous pants have been used to stuff cracks in log cabins, tie around the necks of sick calves and mop floors. They have even been known to stand up by themselves.

Levi's derive their name from Levi Strauss, a round-faced, German-born New Yorker who, at the age of 20, sailed around the Horn in 1850 to make his fortune in California. Part of his grubstake was a bundle of tough canvas fabric, which he hoped to sell to tent makers and owners of Conestoga wagons.

After his ship docked in San Francisco, young Levi met a miner who asked what he'd brought from the East. Strauss told him.

"Should have brought pants," said the miner.

"*Pants?*"

"Sure. Up in the diggin's, pants don't wear worth a hoot. Can't get a pair to last no time at all."

Levi had an idea. He took his roll of canvas to a tailor and asked him to make two pairs of pants—one for the miner, one for himself. The miner strutted all over San Francisco bragging: "See these

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pants of Levi's—best doggone pair I ever had."

The name stuck. Other gold-seekers demanded the pants that would outlast the rigors of the mines and the saddle.

Young Strauss never got an opportunity to pan for gold, but he did strike it rich. He sent an urgent letter to his brothers in the East to "buy up all the canvas and duck you can lay your hands on." By 1853, he was hiring all the tailors and seamstresses he could find for his pants factory on California Street.

Except for the color of the fabric and the copper rivets in the pockets, today's Levi's are exactly the same as the pants made by the original factory.

Somewhere along the line, however, Strauss switched from canvas and duck to a tough fabric now called denim. It came in three colors: light blue, brown and gray. Because two pieces rarely dyed exactly the same shade, Strauss ordered a deeper indigo blue, which has remained the standard color.

Rivets entered the picture in the 1860s—all because of a prospector named Alkali Ike who carried jagged pieces of ore samples in his back pockets. As a result, the seams often ripped out. On visits to Virginia City, Nevada, Alkali always marched to the tailor shop of Jake Davis and complained loudly about his tailoring.

One day, Jake became fed up. He crossed the street with Alkali's pants and told a blacksmith to rivet the pockets at the corners with black-iron square nails.

Levi's act as a girdle by pulling tummy in and flattening the stern section.

On his next visit to Levi Strauss' factory to purchase materials, Jake told Levi the story.

"Maybe this is an idea we can use," Levi said. "Patent it and I'll make you foreman of my shop. Perhaps a copper rivet would be even better—wouldn't rust and discolor the fabric."

Copper rivets have been a distinguishing feature of Levi's ever since.

In 1937, a further improvement was made. Two Levi executives had been hunting in the High Sierra. One of them bagged a bobcat.

"Strange, isn't it, how a cat can sheath its claws?" he remarked. "Maybe we could figure out a way to cover the rivets with the cloth

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so they won't scratch furniture and upholstery."

They did, and U. S. Patent No. 1,999,927 was granted on the idea.

Old-timers required that their Levi's fit good and tight around the hips. If they were too loose, there was a cure that present-day teenagers also know—and use—jump in a rain barrel (or a bathtub) and let the pants dry on you. Average shrinkage: about an inch around the waist and two inches in length.

LEVI STRAUSS remained a bachelor all his life. After his death in 1902 at the age of 73, the business was taken over by four nephews. One nephew's son-in-law, Walter Haas, became president in 1928 and was succeeded last year by Daniel Koshland.

Levi Strauss and Company today employs 2,500 people in its ten factories, with an annual payroll in excess of $7,000,000. It sells its products through 25,000 independent retailers. Besides denims and other work clothes, the company makes a wide assortment of garments—Western wear, wool shirts, leather jackets, men's, women's and children's sports wear.

The company is proud of the many letters it has received commenting upon the durability of its products. One of the most remarkable came from a California woman who told of exploring an old mine near the ghost town of Calico and finding several pairs of Levi's—dusty but well-preserved in the desert air. She washed and wore them, and then discovered from markings on the pockets that they were over 80 years old!

For years, the Strauss trademark has been two horses straining to pull apart a pair of pants; their guarantee: "A New Pair If They Rip."

Mrs. M. H. English of Otto, Wyoming, put the idea to more practical use.

"Going between here and Basin," she wrote, "we found a man who had run his car off the highway and was stuck. We had no chains or rope . . . but we found an old pair of Levi's in the back of our car. We tied one leg to our car and one to the front of his. We really had to pull, but the pants held and out he came."

Levi's are said to be the only article of clothing in the American wardrobe whose tailoring or style hasn't changed in the past century. President Daniel Koshland seriously believes they will be worn by rocket engineers, space satellite technicians and uranium miners on the Moon in 2056 A.D.—and still be America's most famous pants.

Truly Conservative

WHEN RABELAIS was on his deathbed, he overheard his physicians whispering about a new treatment they were getting ready.

"Gentlemen, no experiments, please," the great author remonstrated. "It is my desire to die a natural death."

—HENRY LAKE

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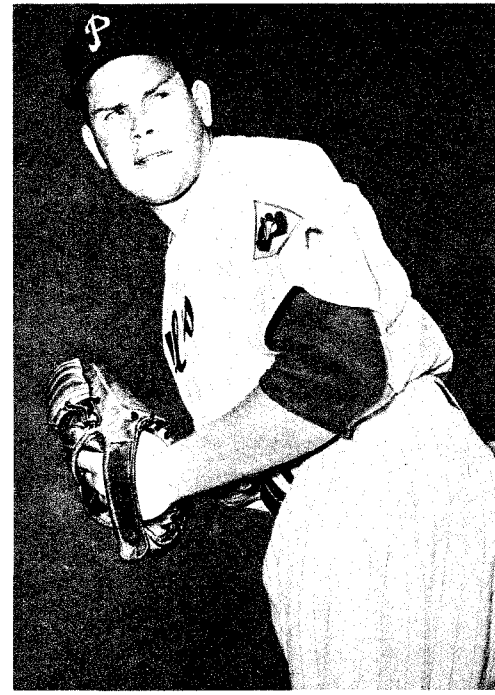
PHILADELPHIA'S "MR. BASEBALL"



by EDGAR WILLIAMS

Off the mound, tough Robin Roberts is a blend of YMCA secretary and Frank Merriwell

JUST BEFORE ROBIN ROBERTS of the Phillies was to pitch against the New York Giants one evening last summer, a man came in to the home clubhouse at Philadelphia's Connie Mack Stadium. He was carrying his small son, a victim of cerebral palsy, and wanted to introduce him to Roberts.

Ignoring the unwritten rule that a pitcher is never to be disturbed before a game, Roberts came out of the locker room immediately.

"Here, give him to me," he said and sat down with the boy on his knee.

The youngster was ecstatic but almost unintelligible. Yet Roberts seemed to know what he was saying. Between man and boy there was a quick bond of understanding. Finally, and reluctantly, Roberts had to go.

"Thank you for coming to see me," he said, and hurried out to the field.

Few sports figures today are so aware of the responsibilities their positions carry as this easy-mannered young man who last year became the fifth pitcher in modern baseball history to win 20 or more games for six consecutive seasons.

Robin Evan Roberts could serve as a model for Cub Scouts by the pack. For one thing, he *looks* like

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the All-American Boy. He is a 190-pound six-footer, with a disarmingly-open face that makes him appear considerably younger than his 29 years. His wiry brown hair curls slightly, and his eyes are blue and animated.

Both on and off the field he conducts himself with gentility. He is at his best under pressure. His strong right arm has won him the highest salary of any pitcher now in baseball—a reported $50,000 a year—and while by no means penurious, he takes care of it.

"He didn't have a lot as a kid," a long-time friend of Roberts has said. "Now that he's up there, he is determined to stay. It's practically a fixation with Robbie that when his baseball career ends, nobody will be able to call him another broken-down athlete who made it and threw it away."

If Roberts weren't such a nice guy, his pitching record might be even more impressive. Going into this season, he had won 160 games and lost 102. Many baseball experts feel that he would be virtually unbeatable if he would do as most pitchers do: deliberately throw at a batter's head now and then.

This is known as a "duster" or "bean ball," an effective, potentially lethal weapon that discourages batsmen from taking too firm a stance at the plate. It is used so widely today that most players wear protective helmets while batting.

Roberts, who has remarkable control of his pitches, will have no truck with the bean ball. Knowing this, batsmen take a toe-hold and swing. As a result, last year, he was clobbered for 41 home runs, a new major league record.

A former big-league pitching star told him, "With your speed, you could put the fear of the Almighty in those batters by throwing at them

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once in a while. Who's going to know whether you're doing it on purpose or whether the pitch just slipped a little bit?"

Roberts smiled wryly. "I would know."

In Philadelphia, where he seems as solidly entrenched as Independence Hall, anyone who does not recognize Robbie as the greatest pitcher of the age is branded a myopic moron.

His principal deficiency as a ballplayer is his lack of color. He pitches so smoothly as to make the job look easy. He does not yelp at umpires. He does not snarl at erring colleagues after a defeat. These outwardly casual attitudes, however, mask an intense competitive spirit.

"Robbie doesn't just try to win," declares Eddie Sawyer, a former Phillies manager. "He *expects* to win. The thought of failure never occurs to him."

Sawyer recalls a game against Brooklyn in which Duke Snider opened the ninth inning for the Dodgers with a triple off Roberts. The Phils were ahead by one run.

Sawyer went out to the mound. "Be careful," he told Robbie. "Brother Snider looks mighty eager over there on third base."

"He still has 90 feet to go," Roberts said steadily. "Give me the ball."

Whereupon he retired the next three Dodgers on pop-ups to end the game.

Roberts came to the Phillies in 1948. He was 21 and had had less than two months of minor league experience. On June 19th he pitched his first big-league game, losing to Pittsburgh. Four days later he beat Cincinnati and was en route to stardom.

Winning seven games in 1948 and fifteen the next year, he really arrived in 1950. He posted his 20th victory on the last day of the sea-

Baseball's highest-paid hurler today—about $50,000 a year—Roberts displays the tremendous power and form that helped rack up a record 20 or more victories for six consecutive seasons. Experts say he might do even better if he'd occasionally toss a "bean ball" at opposing batsmen. "Who'd know the difference?" they ask. "I would," retorts the ethical Roberts.

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son, beating Brooklyn to clinch the pennant.

Imperturbable throughout the game, he wept quietly in the clubhouse afterward. "I had to let the tension out," he says.

Five days later, the New York Yankees beat him in the World Series, 2-1, when Joe DiMaggio hit a home run in the tenth inning.

Roberts won 21 games in 1951, 28 in 1952 (highest National League total since Dizzy Dean attained that figure with St. Louis in 1935), and 23 in each of the next three years. Only four other pitchers in baseball history have reached the 20 mark for six or more straight seasons: Christy Mathewson, Walter Johnson, Lefty Grove and Mordecai "Three-Fingered" Brown.

TO UNDERSTAND the inner spark that motivates Roberts, it is necessary to examine his background. The fifth of six children of immigrants from the British Isles—his father is Welsh, his mother English—he was born September 30, 1926, in Springfield, Illinois.

It wasn't easy for the family during the Depression. When Robbie was about 10—you do not learn this from him—he told his parents: "You work awful hard. Someday I'm going to build you a new home." Eleven years later, he did exactly that.

In high school he was merely adequate at several positions in baseball, being better known for his exploits in football and basketball. At Michigan State, he was voted the best collegiate basketball player in the state of Michigan in 1946. He tried out for baseball for the first time in his Junior year.

"I wanted to be a first baseman," he says, "but they already had one. They needed pitchers, though. So I said, 'All right. I'm a pitcher.'"

Seldom has any pitcher developed so rapidly. Roberts was good his first season, excellent the next. In the summers he pitched in a Vermont resort-hotel league, where major league scouts began waving bonus contracts.

The following February, Roberts was awarded a bachelor's degree in physical education by Michigan State, then entered professional baseball. After the 1948 season, he met pretty Mary Ann Kalnes, a teacher in a Springfield elementary school. They were married within a year, now have two sons: Robin, Jr., five, and Danny, two.

The Robertses live in a large, ranch-style house in Meadowbrook, one of the choice suburbs of Philadelphia. It is about a 20-minute drive to the ball park and Robbie negotiates it in a blue Cadillac, a gift from Philadelphia fans.

Mrs. Roberts does her own housework. She knows relatively little about baseball, but is a good listener.

Robbie enjoys puttering around in the yard, but his principal hobby is golf, which he regards as a sugar-coated means of keeping in condition during the off-season. He dresses conservatively but impeccably, usually in sport coat and contrasting slacks. He doesn't own a hat.

Roberts devotes much time to

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working not only with youth groups within his own denomination but with similar groups from other faiths. In recent years he has been given citations by such organizations as the B'nai B'rith and the YMCA for his work with young people.

Once a youngster asked him whether he believes in prayer. Robbie said yes.

"Then how come," the boy inquired, "that you don't always win?"

"Son," Roberts replied, "nobody should pray to win, only to be able to do his best. And I don't have a corner on prayer. Some days, I guess, the other fellows pray harder."

Roberts receives about 150 fan letters a month, mostly from youngsters, and answers all in longhand. Few people know how many visits he makes to hospitals and the homes of shut-ins.

Success hasn't changed him from what the trade calls a "hungry" ballplayer. He remains one of the game's hardest workers.

Good physical condition is practically a fetish with him. He watches his diet and tries to get at least nine hours' sleep every night. He smokes in moderation, drinks no hard liquor, but will sip a can of beer on a hot day after he has pitched.

"I know I'm lucky enough to have something pretty valuable," he remarked recently. "I aim to take care of it as long as I can."

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A HOME FOR LARRY

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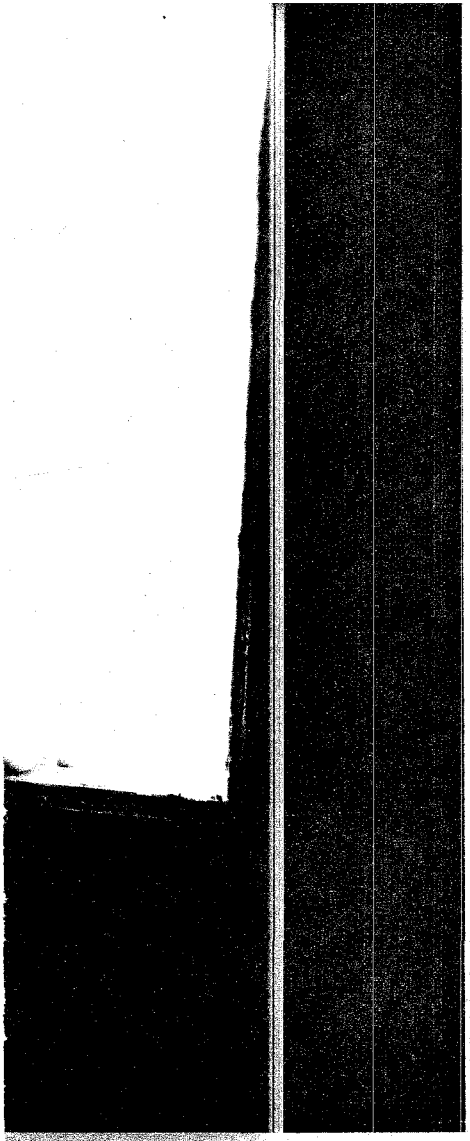

Photographs by SUZANNE SZASZ

Blue-eyed Larry desperately needed a home and parents of his own. The Browns needed a child. Here is the heart-warming story of how an adoption agency finally brought them together and how a brand-new family was born

MARRIED FOR NINE YEARS, Bill and Mary Brown of Long Island, N. Y., had given up hope of ever having a child of their own. Yet, because they longed for a baby to share the happiness and love of their marriage, they—like some 900,000 other couples every year—decided to try to adopt a child.

Instead of turning to the black market and risking having their child taken away some day, they went to an authorized adoption agency, the Sheltering Arms Childrens Service of New York.

To get their baby, the Browns had to go through a careful investigation that probed every facet of their lives from their finances to their relationships with each other. Finally, however, the great day arrived and Bill and Mary became the proud parents of a handsome, lively baby boy (shown here at a year and a half). This is the story of how the Browns found Larry and, just as importantly, how he found them.

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DURING THE EXTENSIVE investigation by the agency Mary began to wonder whether the empty nursery would ever be filled. Caseworkers talked with the Browns' doctor, minister, friends, checking their characters and living habits; visited the sunny six-room house near the shore; and inquired into Bill's skills and dependability in his work as a house roofer. The amount he made was not the most important thing—some couples adopt a child on an income of only $3,000 a year. But how it was spent was significant. And even more vital was the capacity for love they exuded.

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BECAUSE THE LAWS of New York, as in most states, require that a child be placed with a couple of the same religion as the original parents, the agency chose a Protestant baby for the Browns. Larry, shown getting the mirror test to check his reactions, was also suited to the Browns, an energetic couple, because of his mental and physical quickness. His light hair and fair complexion fit in so well that Mary says, "He's the image of my husband!" When she got the news about Larry in an exceptionally short time—it usually takes about two years—Mary cried, called Bill, then hurried to buy a crib.

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"He's just perfect!" was Mary's spontaneous reaction when she first saw Larry at the agency. Bill was so awed he could hardly speak; but, later on, first tentatively, then confidently, he and Larry became friend-

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The wonderful day they take Larry home finally arrives. Mary can hardly wait to show him to her friends whom she told, "I'm having a baby today. It's a boy!"

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HOME TOGETHER for the first time, the members of the new family eye each other a little uneasily. But the slight tension soon passes and Larry makes himself at home rocking to the radio music and making friends with the Browns' black cocker spaniel, Dolores. Says Bill, "He went right to sleep the first night, and we haven't had a sleepless night with him yet." Mary adds, "It was as if we had always had him."

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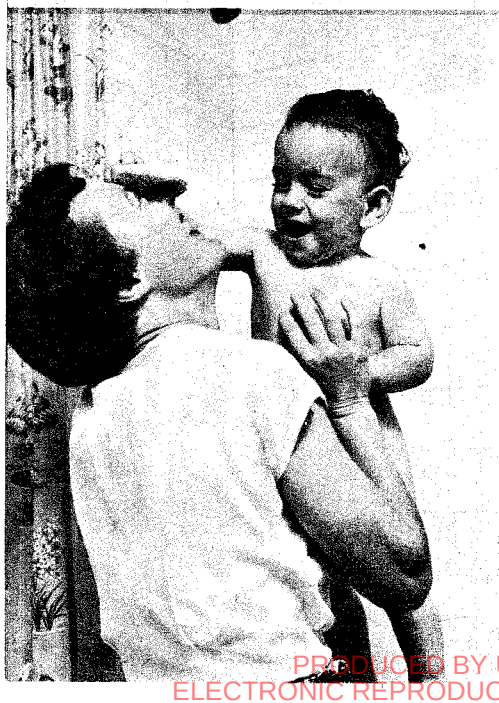

MARY CHANGES Larry's hair to a more boyish style, as mother and son grow closer together. She is proud of the way he is gaining weight and comforted by the fact that a good agency, through their pediatrician, can predict congenital defects as well as health potential with 95 per cent accuracy. In caring for Larry, Mary is helped by the pediatrician and the caseworkers from the agency. They will keep coming for about a year, at the end of which Bill and Mary will appear in court and make the adoption final.

The organization's close attention to selecting children for parents and giving help afterwards has aided in making the 99 per cent success record of recognized agencies. For their services, the Browns could, if they wished, make a voluntary contribution to the agency. Adopting Larry has taken time and trouble. But, as Mary points out, "It would have taken time and trouble to have a baby of our own, too. Anyway, we just couldn't have our own. And look at Larry. I'll have to admit, I don't think I could have done better myself!" The Browns named Larry on the day they brought him home, and shortly afterward had him christened.

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Delighted with Larry, the Browns hope to adopt another baby. It will take a long time; but they can afford it, for at thirty-five they are still young enough to wait.

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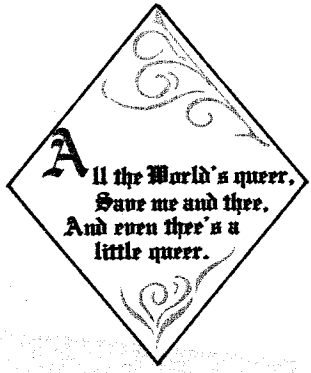
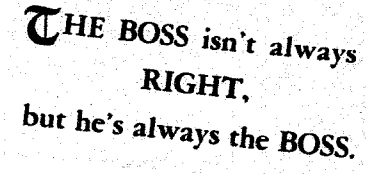
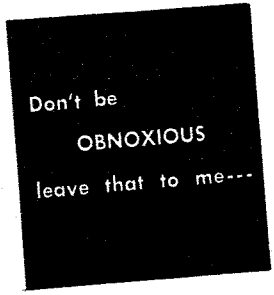
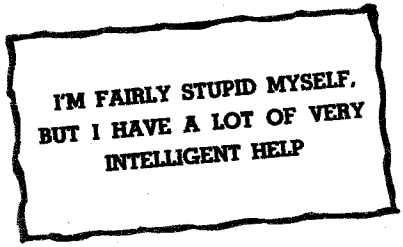
Signs of the

by ARTURO F. GONZALEZ, JR.









IN MILLIONS OF OFFICES, these days, the writing is clearly and literally on the wall. From the pine-paneled inner sanctums of vice presidents to the cluttered cubicles inhabited by office boys, you'll find in infinite variety that new business phenomenon—the office sign.

Bearing carefully lettered mottos and slogans, these miniature billboards are keeping office staffs smiling with their jabs and gibes at everything from the personnel and the job to office routine in general.

"Don't confuse me with facts—my mind is already made up"—says a sign over the desk of a Madison Avenue ad agency V.P.

"You here again? Another hour shot to hell." This is the less-than-cheerful announcement in one secretary's cubicle.

"Blessed are they who go around in circles for they shall be known as wheels"—is the self-admonishment pointedly hung over the executive conference table of a Seattle lumber company.

The forerunners of these signs, of course, were serious. Management hoped they would edify and illuminate the thinking of the staff.

Tom Watson, Sr., patriarch of IBM and a sign pioneer, saw to it that sober, constructive black and white "THINK" signs went on every available desk and wall space in his electronic empire. Soon, office wags were coming back with: "THINK—There must be a harder way to do this."

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Desk Set

Those daffy slogans may not be exactly businesslike but they're always good for a quick laugh to brighten up the day.

The office sign may deal in art as well as text. One shows an unhappy face with an apple atop its head and a misdirected arrow piercing its skull. Slogan: "Just one of those days."

Many say "Steer clear" as bluntly as possible. "I'd like to help you out—which way did you come in?" offers one.

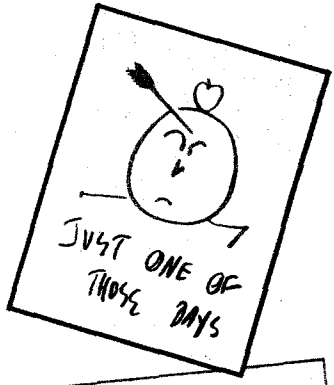
Nor do the firm and top management come away unscathed. Evidence: "Whoever regards work as a pleasure can sure have a helluva lot of fun in this office."

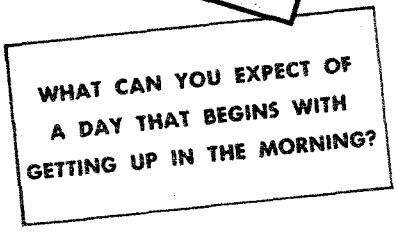
Occasionally, the boss puts up a sign of his own, such as: "I'm fairly stupid myself, but I have a lot of intelligent help."

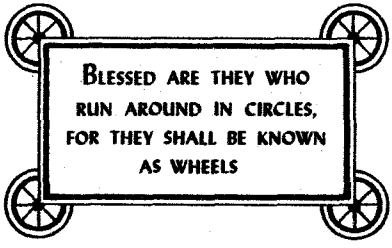
Even Uncle Sam has been getting the needle in sign language. A company truck recently roared through New York streets with this sign by the driver's seat: "Official U.S. Government." The word, "taxpayer," appeared in small print on the sign's corner.

Who writes these masterpieces? Nobody knows. They just appear, authored in secret by budding geniuses caught in corporation clutches from Wall Street to Nob Hill. Whatever their origin, they're as much a part of today's office scene as the conference at the water cooler.

And after all, who would *want* to banish from industry's desk tops a sentiment as noble as: "If you can keep your head while all about you are losing theirs, perhaps you just don't understand the situation"?







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His sport shirts are as uninhibited as his programs.

They'll Do Anything for Art

by CARL WINSTON

Art Linkletter's weapons are practical jokes and loaded questions, but his guests love him anyhow

ART LINKLETTER has made a fortune getting people to make fools of themselves on such radio and television shows as "People Are Funny" and "House Party."

When he was traveling around the country putting his programs on in local theaters and auditoriums, he used to startle welcoming committees by arriving on the scene carrying only a suitcase and accompanied by just one assistant.

"Where's your cast?" they would ask suspiciously.

"Why," Linkletter would answer, grinning broadly, "my cast will be

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right out there in the audience tonight." And that is just where it would be.

He would start out with a bare stage, keep an overflow audience screaming with laughter for two hours and send them home swearing they had never had such a good time in their lives. They never stopped to think that they had spent the evening entertaining themselves.

His ability to capitalize on the simple fact that people are funny has enabled Arthur Gordon Linkletter to achieve one of the outstanding individual successes in modern entertainment history. His sponsors pay him more than $350,000 a year.

He has amassed a personal fortune in show business and spread out into other lucrative enterprises that include a Colorado lead mine, a Mexican magnesium plant, nine producing oil wells, a low-voltage wiring company, a modeling school, a roller-skating area, a gas well and a whole batch of apartments.

Linkletter, himself, admits that he has been able to assemble such impressive material wealth not because he is a good actor, comedian, or even a good announcer; but because he simply has a way with people.

"I went to see his TV show," said one woman, "and the first thing you know I was being interviewed. I was scared out of my wits; but when Art asked me where I'd bought the dress I was wearing, I explained how I'd made it myself. He seemed so interested and asked so many questions that I soon found myself talking a blue streak!"

There is little doubt that Linkletter is probably the most skilled performer in television when it comes to drawing people out. Popeyed with a look of perpetual excitement and wonder, standing six-feet-one and weighing a solid 210 pounds, he swarms all over his subject with unadulterated enthusiasm.

An inveterate ad-libber, Link, as he is called by his friends, often takes chances that would make other MCs go into shock.

Once he searched the audience to find the youngest mother with the most children and discovered a girl who had had five youngsters in quick succession. "My goodness," said Art, fishing, "you must spend a lot of time on the job."

"Oh, no," the young mother blurted out. "It isn't work at all. It's just a nice hobby!"

Linkletter's skillful use of the double-entendre is no accident. He plans it that way, just as the types of questions he asks and the situations he sets up are calculated to get his interviewees to talk as intimately as possible.

Art thinks of his half-hour of calculated mayhem, "People Are Funny," as not unlike the fun house at an amusement park. People come to have fun no matter what happens to them personally; and therefore they are not adverse to getting dunked in water tanks, having a pie thrown in their faces or a bowl of spaghetti dumped over their heads.

It is all in fun, of course; and then there are all those nice prizes to make up for indignities that ordinarily would send a person hurrying to his lawyer. Besides, as Linkletter

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points out, people will do almost anything to get into the limelight.

According to Linkletter, he owes his "way with people" to an evangelist, Fulton John Linkletter who with his wife, Mary, adopted Art as an infant in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. The Linkletters traveled considerably, holding revival meetings and living in different parts of the United States, first in the East and then in California. Art sat in on the revival meetings from his earliest days and by seven was banging a triangle at street corner meetings.

THE REVEREND Mr. Linkletter was the kind of man who would talk with anybody anywhere. This friendliness was part of the family approach to living; and while it made Art cringe at times as a youngster, he grew up with a quality he refers to as "good will," the ability to mix with people and to make friends with them quickly.

The Linkletters had little use for material things, and Art lived his boyhood never quite being sure of his next meal and having to be satisfied with hand-me-down clothes. He believes that those harsh early days gave him the drive and ambition that helped him make good.

After knocking around the world for a while, he worked his way through college as a model, switchboard operator, lifeguard, clerk, bus boy, bouncer, waiter and ranch hand. With all the pressure, he was a three-letter man in basketball and managed to maintain an A average at San Diego State College from which he was graduated in 1934 with a bachelor of arts degree.

Linkletter won his first fame as a "talker" while at State, where he once boasted that he could talk on any subject under the sun for ten minutes without stopping. His gift of gab was what got him into radio as an announcer on Station KGB San Diego, a job he accepted while still a junior, and continued in after college in preference to teaching English because it paid $5 more. Later, he was made chief announcer.

In 1935, while radio program director for the San Diego Exposition, Art married pretty, dark-haired Lois Foerster, daughter of the owner of a San Diego pharmacy. For the next five years he worked off and on in radio in Dallas, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Once he got a mike in his hands there was no stopping him. He broadcast from trains, submarines, planes, battleships, horse stalls, bridge towers, and even Sally Rand's dressing room. Once he was lowered from a skyscraper to interview amazed office workers at each floor on the way down. Moving at a frantic pace, Linkletter did as many as five shows every day.

The big break in Art Linkletter's life came when a friend suggested that he meet John Guedel because he and Linkletter "thought alike." When they did meet, they found that they not only thought alike but that both had the same idea for a radio show—one based on the weird workings of the average person's mind.

For $30, they had a recording made with each of them playing the parts of several contestants. But

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nothing happened until one day in 1941 when Guedel heard about a show being dropped and rushed off a copy of the recording to the advertising agency involved. They liked it; and in a short time, the deal was wrapped up. "People Are Funny" and Art Linkletter haven't been off the air since.

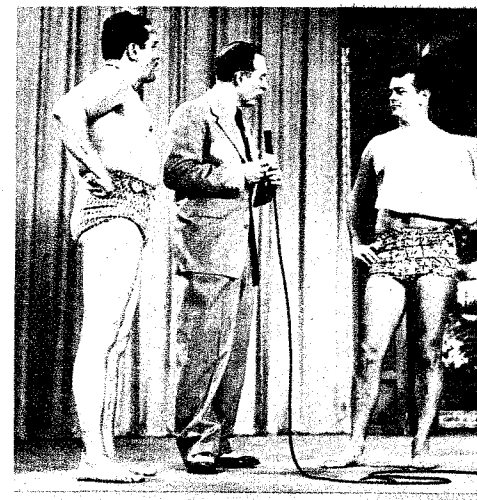
Today, the Linkletters live in a fine two-story Georgian house in fashionable Holmby Hills. Art, who likes to introduce his wife to audiences as that "eminent Hollywood producer, the mother of my five children," spends as much time as possible with his family, which includes Jack, eighteen, already a local disk jockey; Dawn, sixteen; Robert, eleven; Sharon, nine; and Diane, seven.

A typical day at the Linkletters' begins at breakfast, with the whole family on hand—one of Art's rules is that every member of the family shows up for every meal, unless there is some good excuse.

Linkletter devotes his morning to the "House Party" show. After a light lunch he works several hours at the Guedel offices making plans for future shows.

A stickler for good physical conditioning, Linkletter gets as much exercise and sleep as possible. Now a well preserved 44, he stays in such good shape that not long ago he played ten minutes of basketball against the San Diego State team and not only got through without collapsing, but was the leading scorer.

Linkletter rarely takes a drink, never smokes, dresses expensively but conservatively, is uncomfortable



Although a few of Linkletter's guests have special talents (Catalina Channel swimmers, *top*; comic Cliff Vogel, *bottom*) most are average people chosen from studio audiences. "Link's" warm manner and quick wit make it easy for guests to relax and answer his rather personal questions freely and without embarrassment. As a result, his laugh-filled programs are frequently sparked by eyebrow-raising double-entendres.

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in celebrity groups that are part of the Hollywood pattern, and avoids night clubs. He would rather be at home with the wife and kids. Married to the same woman for 20 years, he is considered one of Hollywood's leading family men.

Linkletter, who was greatly hurt when he found out in his teens that he was an adopted child, seems to have an unusually warm feeling for children. "I think like a child myself," he says, "so I understand them."

He likes to work with children between five and seven best because he feels that they are old enough to be perceptive, but still young enough to be pleasantly uninhibited.

One little girl around six, for example, told Linkletter she couldn't wait to be ten years old. When he asked her why, she replied she could then have a baby.

Everybody held their breath while she went on to explain that when she was ten she would be old enough to buy a baby. A girl was what she wanted and the price was one dollar. "Boys are cheaper," she told Art, "in case you want to buy one."

Now that he is on top, Linkletter has only two worries. One is that he and his staff will get overconfident and fail to come up with the new ideas and improvements necessary to keep a show fresh. "I've worked long and hard at this game," he says, "and I keep telling the boys, 'When you're too well pleased with yourself, that's the time to look out.' "

The other is his awareness that there are people who look down their noses at his kind of entertainment. In answering them, he points out: "We don't pretend to be Studio One; but you've got to remember that all food isn't caviar, either." And he further comforts himself by the fact that some 11,000,000 people continue to tune in every week to watch him prove his golden formula that people are funnier than anyone else. Linkletter, for one is firmly convinced they always will be.

Speaking of Women . . .

WOMEN can keep a secret just as well as men, but it generally takes more of them to do it. —*General Features Corp.*

IF A WOMAN'S SHOES have holes in the soles, that's poverty. If they're in the toes, that's style. —HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

FALL IS THE SEASON when the men get their clothes out of moth balls and the women get theirs out of department stores. —*Changing Times*

FROM THE DAY on which she weighs 140, the chief excitement of a woman's life consists in spotting women who are fatter than she is. —HELEN ROWLAND

WOMAN'S INTUITION is that little something that assures her she's right, even when she's wrong. —ELLIOT LAWRENCE

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Note to 20 million hopefuls: yes, the judges read all the entries —and most winners are plain Janes and Joes

What You Should Know About Contests

by Tom Mahoney

Do you enter contests? As a hobby, "contesting" is second only to stamp collecting in popularity. About 20,000,000 Americans compete in at least one a year. They write statements of "25 words or less," crowd libraries and wear out thousands of books seeking solutions to puzzles, cudgel their brains over names, jingles, slogans, essays.

Why are these contests conducted? What can you win? Who enters contests? Are they on the level? Are all the entries read? Do you have to buy things you don't need to enter? Do the big prizes go only to "professional" contestants?

While a few contests are contrived to profit their promoters, most aim to induce you to take a greater interest in a product, a company, a resort, an idea, or a problem. Christopher Columbus, for example, sharpened the eyes of his crew as he sailed westward in 1492 by offering a valuable silken doublet and the Spanish equivalent of $40 to the first man to sight land.

America has been having contests ever since. These are of two general kinds—the creative and the puzzle. In the creative type, you write or otherwise create something for the sponsor. In the puzzle type,

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you solve a puzzle or series of puzzles which become progressively more difficult.

Contests are most frequent when goods are plentiful and business competition is keen, as at present. There probably will be more contests in 1956 than in any previous year.

While many big ones have drawn several million entries, there are now so many that a sponsor is happy to attract 500,000. This means that you have, at least mathematically, a much better chance than ever before of winning a prize.

The biggest winner on record is Mrs. Lelia Boroughs, a 48-year-old housewife of Beverly Hills, California. She won $375,000 and an automobile last year in a long and difficult puzzle competition. In a creative contest, an unemployed San Francisco stenographer named Mary McCrea received the cash value of her weight in gold—a total of $75,158.84.

A WELL-KNOWN NAME sometimes appears on an award list. Robert Moses, New York Commissioner of Parks, won the $25,000 offered by General Motors for having written the best essay on highway improvement.

Teachers and librarians win a lot of prizes. But most winners are ordinary men and women with above-average energy and imagination.

Some 5,000 of these belong directly or indirectly to the National Contestors Association which holds an annual convention. Affiliated with NCA are more than 60 local groups of contestors.

What about the "professional" contestant who is supposed to make a good living winning big prizes? He doesn't seem to exist. A study of the winnings of a score of active and successful contestors revealed average annual earnings of $859, much of this in merchandise.

While previous winnings usually make no difference in contests, some sponsors frankly favor newcomers. No matter how good the entry, they say, we cannot afford to let one person win repeatedly. Contestants who earlier had won a prize of $1,000 or more, for example, were barred from the puzzle event which Mrs. Boroughs won.

Some contestants are lucky enough to win with their first effort, but the big prizes usually don't come so quickly. Mrs. Henry Jorgensen of Portland, Oregon, entered the Pillsbury-General Electric Grand National Recipe and Baking Contest for six years before winning the $25,000 top prize in the "Bake-Off" last December.

Whether or not you have to buy something to enter depends on the contest. In some, entrants have only to pick up blanks from dealers. On the other hand, entrants in the part of the competition in which Mrs. Boroughs won her $375,000 had to pay $72 for a 36-volume encyclopedia, delivered three volumes a month for a year.

Entrants in the recent $125,000 dressmaking contest of the Singer Sewing Machine Company had to pay $15 for sewing lessons and make a dress. However, Miss Mc-

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Crea, who won her weight in gold, had only to buy some soap.

There probably are more soap contests than any other kind. Procter & Gamble has conducted 150. A contestant named Margaret Hale spoke for many like herself when she wrote these lines:

Our shelves are filled with unwrapped soap,
Our bank account stays lean;
We've never won a contest yet,
But, brother, are we clean!

A contest means expense and effort on the part of the sponsor. Unless many of those attracted by it become regular users of his product, it is likely to be unprofitable for him. He must supply the prizes, advertise the contest and, most important, pay for the handling and judging of the entries.

Any contest using the mails comes under the scrutiny of the Post Office Department and must fulfill its promises. Promoters of a "diamond counting" contest in which winners were overcharged for settings were convicted of mail fraud in New York last spring.

Sponsors seeking good will, in any case, want their entries judged promptly and fairly. Since few have the staff to deal with the mail of a nation-wide label or "boxtop" contest, it is usual to hire a firm of specialists to handle the judging. They are paid on a per entry basis, which means you can be sure that every entry is opened and recorded.

The largest such firm is the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, which for more than 20 years has been judging contests. Sometimes thousands of entries a day pour into its direct mail offices in Los Angeles, Chicago and Mount Vernon, New York, where the Post Office once had to add nearly 100 extra workers to its staff during a major contest.

THE UNCOMMONLY SENSIBLE DR. SPOCK

A warm portrait of one of America's most consulted pediatricians whose philosophy revolutionized child-rearing methods and became the gospel to over 8,000,000 mothers.

IN JULY CORONET

Girls in blue uniform open the letters by machine. Other girls then remove the entries and make sure that the requirements of the contest have been met, boxtop is enclosed, word limit is not exceeded, and complete addresses have been included.

After throwing out those that fail to comply with the rules, entries go to junior and then to senior judges who rate them on sincerity, originality, aptness and whatever points the sponsor has specified. The best entries then go to executive judges for the final selections.

But before you are awarded a big prize, a private detective will visit you to make sure you really produced your entry and are fully eligible to receive the award.

There usually is no objection to a contestant sending more than one entry. A family usually is allowed to pool its talent, but "proxying"—sending in entries in the names of others—or submission of purchased answers, is forbidden. They are thrown out as soon as detected.

Why aren't winning entries made public? A few are, but in most contests the only announcement is a

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list of the prize winners, which is available to anybody who will send a stamp. A sponsor who reveals more risks possible complaints from unsuccessful contestants who believe their entries superior to those of the winners. Also, sponsors may want to use the material for advertising or promotion programs.

For those who take their contests seriously, there are correspondence schools which publish bulletins listing new contests and coach students in pleasing sponsors. There is also *Contest Magazine*, a 50-cent monthly published at Upland, Indiana, which lists contests and carries articles on the lore of the hobby.

New kinds of contests are popping up all the time. A baby "who looked like Bob Hope" won his parents a trip to Hollywood. A fishing tackle company ran a liars' contest; the World Council of Churches sponsored a prayer-writing contest.

As most sponsors hope for publicity, considerable ingenuity and showmanship are displayed in making some contest awards. Pillsbury and General Electric turn the Waldorf-Astoria ballroom into the world's biggest kitchen for the "Bake-Off" that climaxes their annual recipe and cooking contest. The 100 finalists and their escorts enjoy a weekend at the famous New York hotel.

Winners of a Sealy mattress limerick contest were announced last fall with a zany, all night "slumber party" costing thousands of dollars. As guests arrived at the Gold Suite of New York's Savoy Plaza, they exchanged shoes and clothes for slippers and pajamas or nightgowns and lolled through the night on wall-to-wall mattresses while comedians entertained. Mrs. Kenneth R. Nelson of Washington, D. C., as the top winner in the contest, had the choice of $100 a month for life or $20,000 cash.

The Lincoln Electric Company of Cleveland once offered prizes for essays on new uses of welding. Winners received checks made of stainless steel and written with welding electrodes. While cameras clicked, the checks were paid and "cancelled" with bullets from a submachine gun!

Quick Contest Tips

Veteran contestants and those who sponsor and judge contests say you can increase your chances of winning by heeding these suggestions:

1. Be personal, original and sincere. Study the product and tell the sponsor what it has done for you and your family.

2. Obey the rules as to words, format, enclosures and mailing date. Avoid elaborate entries. Judges pass these around but rarely give them prizes.

3. Unless ties are to be decided by the earliest postmark, hold your entry until you are sure you have done your best with it.

4. Beware of persons who want to sell you answers and ready-made entries. The same answer is usually sold in duplicate and all are thrown out when detected. Unless you can afford it, stay out of contests where you have to buy successive sets of puzzles or otherwise spend large amounts of money.

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Happiest Town in Michigan

by NORMAN SKLAREWITZ

The secret of Flint: the extraordinary Mr. Mott plus civic spirit

TOURISTS DRIVING through Flint, Michigan, see what appears to be "just another factory town." Giant auto-making plants ring the city with noise and bustle. Long, loaded freight trains rattle out cross-country toward distribution centers.

Flint's similarity with the usual factory town ends there. For it happens to be one of the most dynamic communities in the nation today. According to many civic experts, it's a truly ideal town.

Flint has no teacher shortage and no serious over-crowding of classrooms. It boasts one of the highest percentages of home ownership for a city its size (population 198,300).

Three years ago, a devastating tornado ripped through the town. In a few horrible, unforgettable minutes, 116 persons were killed, 900 injured. Hundreds of homes were completely destroyed.

In a short time, "Operation Tornado" went into action. Using donated materials and working entirely without pay, 7,800 men and women repaired many damaged homes and began to rebuild the others—in two days.

There is nothing different about the people of Flint. They are typical factory workers—of practically every race, color and creed. They have come here from other parts of the country and other lands to work in the mills.

What makes them unique is that they've learned the wonderful secret of living together. Out of that experience has come a proud spirit that is probably unmatched anywhere in the country.

In 1935, however, Flint *was* "just

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another factory town" hard hit by the Depression. Delinquency was high, school services cut to the bone. About a third of the population was transient.

Frank Manley, head of the school system's physical education department, was desperately trying to provide some decent recreation for the young people. After a Rotary luncheon one day, he met tall, lean Charles S. Mott, a wealthy industrialist who had been mayor of Flint three times and was a director of General Motors.

"You'd like to build some boys' clubs, I suppose," said Mott.

"No," replied Manley wearily. "All I want to do is unlock the doors of the dozens we already have."

Many of the schools had fine gymnasiums and athletic equipment, and one even had a pool, he explained. All, though, were tightly locked up each day when school ended. If just a few dollars were available to hire instructors, hundreds of kids would be able to play safely under proper supervision.

MOTT THOUGHT the idea over, then gave $6,000 to the Flint Board of Education—enough to keep five buildings open from 4 to 9 P.M. This worked so well that a few school shops were opened to give some diversion to men, also, many of whom were out of work.

Mott then realized that all people needed were the facilities to help themselves. They'd do the rest. He called Frank Manley and proposed that he become director of an organization that would develop religious, educational, health and recreational activities for the benefit of the entire community.

That, 20 years ago, was the start of the Mott Foundation Program, which today has assets estimated at $20,000,000. Its annual operating budget of $750,000 comes from income on these investments.

Now nearing 81, Mr. Mott has a personal fortune which has been estimated at around $100,000,000. Yet he still serves his home town actively as its Number One citizen.

The Foundation has a full-time staff of 61 professional people. Its dozens of activities in some way touch the lives of every one of Flint's citizens.

Even so, it hands out nothing on a silver platter. Each project it supports must answer a real need. Once started, the responsibility for keeping it alive and expanding rests with the people of Flint.

In the shadow of one of the city's sprawling factories, for instance, is the old Fairview Elementary School. Around it are the frame cottages of unskilled workers where often a dozen people live crowded in a few rooms.

Late morning classes at Fairview seemed especially difficult to teachers. Pupils grew restless, lost all interest in learning.

The principal recognized that something deeper than just classroom conduct was at fault. This was exactly the kind of project which C. S. Mott had envisaged, one that required research and perhaps experimentation—luxuries which regular tax funds can never support.

A small team of visiting teachers got the assignment. They sat in on

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classes, talked to the youngsters, met their parents. To the trained social workers, the cause of the difficulty was plain. The children weren't mean—they were hungry!

The teachers, backed by a small Foundation grant, pitched right in. A basement room behind the furnace was cleaned out, and a kitchen range and refrigerator installed.

The basement soon became more than a place where 60 little boys and girls were served hot cereal, eggs and milk free each morning. The Mott Foundation teacher quickly noticed how wide-eyed parents were at the kitchen.

"Bring your groceries here and cook your food," she told the amazed women.

First a few mothers came, then more. They learned how to make low-cost dishes and stretch food dollars. Next the Foundation installed an automatic laundry and dryer in the basement.

The months that followed proved that the health and home conditions of a pupil were absolutely vital to his classroom progress. Just being able to wear fresh, clean clothes was an important morale booster to an otherwise shy, ashamed child.

That corner of the Fairview School was dubbed the "Community Room" and the name stuck.

The idea of bringing the community to the school obviously was good business as well as good education. In scattered neighborhoods, the city appropriated money to build a wing on each existing school. This contained a Community Room plus a combined auditorium and gymnasium and other facilities to give the area a complete community house.

Meanwhile, the Mott Foundation and the Flint Board of Education, meeting with architects, came up with plans for something completely new—a real Community School, one designed from the start to serve the total area population.

Six of these new Community Schools are now going full-tilt, each an ideal school with virtually every inch of space available for multi-purpose uses. The rooms, for example, are so planned that they can be used singly or in groups.

If just the gym or auditorium is needed, it can be closed off from the rest of the unused building by folding partitions across the corridors. When the bell rings ending classes, things really begin to move. Younger boys and girls pull ping pong tables into the halls, older children hold record dances and club meetings. After dinner, the gym may be used for a Mother's Club volleyball game while the Father and Son Club swims. The lights are on in Flint schools every night.

Centered in the Community Schools today is also the largest program of adult education anywhere. It includes a wide variety of courses ranging from basic English to college level work. Almost 27,000 adults are enrolled in 1,173 classes.

"Any school can become a community school," says Mr. Mott. "The concept does not rest on the building but on the spirit of the program and the way the men and women of the community carry it out."

For instance, there were five acres

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of vacant land in back of Potter School that were overgrown with weeds and scrub brush. One evening the Community Council voted to turn the area into a park—just like that.

A committee got the approval from the city. The following Saturday the men folks, backed by Boy Scouts from Troop 187, turned out in force to clear the land. In the following weeks, the Men's Club made picnic tables and benches in the wood shop while the Women's Club raised money to buy barbecue grills and playground equipment.

Potter Community School now has a park—without one cent of tax money being spent.

Mr. Mott's personal example of interest in Flint's everyday folks has been followed by other generous members of the community. A local woman with an interest in the girls of the town once remarked how wonderful it would be if they could learn home-making and the social graces in appropriate surroundings.

The Foundation was ready to provide funds for teachers and materials as well as the upkeep on a building. But the building itself had to be provided by someone else.

Mike Hamady, a successful grocery-chain owner, heard of the need. He stopped by Mr. Mott's office and calmly handed him the deed to his own 15-acre estate . . . valued at $175,000.

It became Hamady House, headquarters for the girls belonging to 30 "Stepping Stone" clubs. In the gracious surroundings of the lovely 16-room house, each group of 20 girls lives for two exciting weeks, practicing culinary arts, table settings and other household tasks.

In 1952, Mr. Mott gave the Board of Education 32 acres of land from his own farm estate for new Flint Junior College buildings and $1,425,000 for a Science and Applied Arts Building. When he marked his 80th birthday last June, he donated another $1,000,000 to help expand the College into a full four-year school.

So for 21 years now, Mr. Mott has worked quietly to turn Flint into a better place in which to live. And he feels that any town that wants to can duplicate the people of Flint's success in making a city's dreams come true.

Very Baseball

CLICHE CHARLIE at the baseball park: "I always say the game ain't over until the last pitch . . . Don't worry about him—he always comes through in the clutch . . . What I like about him—he's got plenty a heart . . . You can't get away from it—class'll tell—and they got plenty class . . . Let's face it—it ain't whether you win—it's the way you play the game, you know what I mean? Oh that bum! He shoulda waited—he'd a walked him . . . Aw, that woulda been a home run in Brooklyn any day . . ."

—LOUIS SOBOL, *New York Journal American*

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What Your Handwriting Tells About Your Health

by W. G. Eliasberg, M.D., Ph.D.
and Herry O. Teltscher, M.A.

After years of study, a noted psychiatrist and a psychologist have found that your signature may offer one of the first real clues to serious illness

Your life could some day depend on the diagnosis of your handwriting.

This may seem far-fetched, but it's true. The art of graphology—analyzing handwri[illegible]

at least a month ahead of Ike's actual attack. The signs lay in his handwriting.

Here is a sample of Eisenhower's si[illegible]

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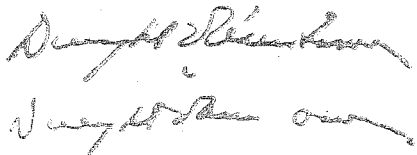
strokes are heavy without being bold or firm. There is a general decrease in the size of the small letters. The end strokes descend unmistakably.

These are all symptoms of wrestling with an incipient fatigue and depression, a condition often found in the early stages of heart ailments. Yet none of the routine medical tests at the time signalled a slow-up.

The second week after his attack, Eisenhower wrote these two signatures on government documents.



They indicate that the President was far from completely recovered. Both retain the illegible look noted right before the attack. If anything, the "D"s are even more indistinct than they were th[illegible]

mous professor of physiology, developed modern graphology. From it stems what we call graphodiagnostics, the science that analyzes the movements in handwriting in their expressive entirety. The slant upward and downward, to the right and left; the size, formation and width of letters; the pen pressure, spacing, and more than two dozen other equally telling factors have specific psychological meaning.

Your handwriting reflects character traits and talents, thoughts and emotions, the conscious and unconscious, moods, intentions and ambitions. Your strong points and weak, past experiences and present state of development, the amount of energy you have—all are set down permanently by the strokes of your pen.

The reason is that nervous and muscular movements originate in the brain. The hand merely holds the pen; it is the brain that moves [illegible] is responsible for the

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...ting—has been
developed in recent years into a
science that can detect ill health
sometimes before ordinary symp-
toms show it up.

For the sake of better health and
a longer life, it may be wise to save
specimens of your handwriting from
year to year.

Here's one example why.

Last September, the news
ident Eisenhower's heart
came as a shock to the world. Yet
that Saturday morning when the
President lay on his sickbed in Den-
ver, no one had suspected any im-
minent danger to his health.

And yet, telltale signs of ap-
proaching trouble had been evi-

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the hand and [illegible]
way you form and space your letters and lines. Expressive movements such as handwriting cannot be changed at will, since they are largely unconscious and involuntary. That is why forgeries are easily detected by the trained analyst.

Your handwriting, in fact, is as sensitive as a seismograph in revealing the real you. And handwriting analysis has been used for diagnostic purposes for over 50 years in Europe and, increasingly within the last 20 years, in the U. S.

Graphodiagnostics is used to diagnose criminal personalities; to help select and evaluate personnel in industry; for vocational testing,

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child guidance, marriage counseling; and as an aid in diagnosing mental and organic diseases.

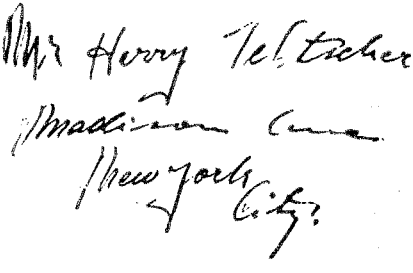
The brain tissue, highly vulnerable and dependent on a rich supply of blood, will react with visible effect whenever less blood or oxygen are supplied. There will be trouble in coordination of movement and thought. The disturbed coordination is revealed in the writing.

A graphodiagnostic test can thus give an early record of pathological changes—both lasting ones and those that are temporary.

Biologists say that highly refined movements acquired late in the development of the human race are more vulnerable than elemental ones. This explains why intelligence and the highly developed forms man uses in writing are among the first to suffer when the harmony of physical well-being is upset.

As the I.Q. goes down in disease, so will the legibility, rhythm, clarity and other basics of handwriting be disturbed in the early stages of mental or physical disorders.

Consider the case of a decorator who submitted an estimate to one of the authors some years ago. The handwriting attracted attention by the severely depressed state it reflected. Here's what it looked like.



Further examination showed symptoms of a circulatory disturbance. The entire address lacked the firmness of health. The pressure was uneven; there were light and heavy strokes within a single letter, the rhythm was disturbed; the words "Madison" and "Ave." seemed to "fall apart"; the letters slanted in different directions; many letters showed "broken up" angular strokes. The writing as a whole became progressively unclear and indistinguishable, the dots over the "i"s were penned in the form of accents and there was a downward direction to the entire script.

All these peculiarities were indicative of heart disease and the depressed periods that characterize it. In brief, the writing revealed an individual who was constantly under emotional pressures, who was depressed, unhappy, tense, possessing the uneven, choleric temperament typical of people who suffer from circulatory ailments and high blood pressure.

This information was given in confidence to the decorator's wife. She and her husband both declared he was in perfect health and had no reason to suspect any heart disturbance. However, they decided to consult a heart specialist who took an electrocardiogram. No indication of any disturbance was evidenced.

Six months later, he suffered from the first of several attacks. They caused his death three years after the handwriting was first diagnosed.

So objective and indelible are the traces left by pen strokes that it has become a matter of routine to include handwriting specimens in

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modern psychiatric and neurological case histories. And in physical illnesses, thousands of cases have been graphodiagnosed and recorded in combination with medical tests.

Ideally, it is best in analyzing a disturbed handwriting to compare it with specimens from a time when no symptoms were present. But even without such a sequence of scripts we can still form a valid judgment.

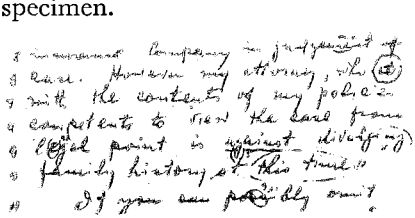
In the course of an aptitude or character analysis based on handwriting, graphologists may discover a condition that calls for immediate medical care.

A client of one of the authors asked for an analysis of the writing of a man of about 50. The client wanted him to manage a new plant.

Analysis of the handwritten application showed symptoms of a neurological disturbance. Yet questioning revealed that the man had just been given a "clean bill of health" and issued a pilot's license based on his medical examination.

The graphodiagnosis prompted a second and more thorough going-over, and it was found that the applicant suffered from high blood pressure and Parkinson's disease in its early stages.

Pathological aging—that is, aging plus disease—can also be detected in handwriting. Consider this specimen.



Fine tremors can be seen under the magnifying glass in the circled loops. These, and the corrections made by the writer, are indicators of old age. He obviously notes his shortcomings and tries to overcome them; he measures his present deterioration by his former achievements. Such deterioration is not limited to the old, but is sometimes seen in people who are young in years.

We must emphasize that no medical test, if used without other tests, is conclusive in itself. Nor is it claimed that graphodiagnostics can do in medical cases what no other test can do. But there are definite organic diseases that graphodiagnostics can help to diagnose from their earliest beginnings:

1. Heart ailments, including coronary thrombosis, coronary embolism, arteriosclerosis, angina pectoris.

2. Diseases of the blood vessels of the brain.

3. Pernicious anemia, secondary anemia after a consumptive illness, tuberculosis, intestinal and other parasites, blood poisoning.

4. Tumors, if and when they cause general anemia, or early stages of tumors within the brain.

5. Disorders of the central and peripheral nervous system resulting from a heart ailment or as a primary trouble; Parkinson's disease, writer's cramp, many diseases that cause tremors.

6. Bone diseases such as rheumatism, bursitis, arthritis.

Mental and emotional disturbances can frequently be diagnosed *directly* from handwriting.

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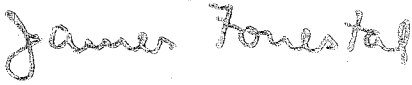
The late James V. Forrestal, who was Secretary of Defense, gave clear evidence in his handwriting of the emotional disturbance—melancholia—that overtook him in his last years.

Here is his signature in 1947.



Observe the back-slanting writing, the smeary quality of the hand as in the filled-in "e"s, the arcade-like letters in the middle zone, the dwindling end letters, the sharp downward trend. All point to a generally pessimistic outlook, moodiness and emotional anxieties —qualities that are typical of melancholia.

These traits were hidden behind the impenetrable façade and the iron-like discipline with which he disguised his real feelings. This tendency was unfortunately intensified by the tradition of "chin-up" and "stiff-upper-lip" comportment.

This specimen of Forrestal's writing about a year later is an intensification of the first.

The writing now reveals severe melancholia, compulsiveness, the need to conceal his real self. The combination of symptoms in both signatures reveals suicidal tendencies. By 1949, Forrestal *was* dead by suicide.

Had the handwriting been submitted for analysis even two years before his death, psychiatric treatment could have been recommended immediately.

An analysis of *your* handwriting as part of your regular checkups may be something for you to consider. There are not enough specialists in graphodiagnostics yet to go around very far. But it is not too much to say that some day your life could indeed depend on your handwriting.

Looks Deceive

WHEN THE LATE HISTORIAN, Bernard De Voto was introduced to a young lady at a reception in his honor, he asked politely what type of writing she did. The young lady happened to be a guest not a writer, and her only contribution to literature a society item mailed in to a small valley newspaper. Unwilling to admit her status among so many prominent authors and members of the press, she answered "I write for the Valley News."

"And how is your circulation?" asked De Voto.

She glared at him haughtily. "As far as I know, Mr. De Voto," she retorted, "I'm in perfect health." —ENID WOLF

THE LATE ROBERT E. SHERWOOD could write with great speed and once completed a Pulitzer prize play in three weeks.

A young playwright, complaining about his inability to get started on a script, asked: "What is your greatest difficulty when you sit down to write?"

"My greatest difficulty," replied the six-foot-seven Sherwood, "is fitting my knees under the desk." —E. E. EDGAR

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The Massacre of Wounded Knee

by Joseph N. Bell

A careless shot triggered the slaughter of Sitting Bull's braves in their last battle with the white man

On a bleak, bone-chilling December day in 1890, the last grim battle between the American Indian and the white man was fought along the snow-covered bed of Wounded Knee Creek in the Bad Lands of South Dakota.

Over two centuries of bitterness led up to the Indians' final pathetic stand at Wounded Knee. But the immediate cause was the murder of a wise old man named Sitting Bull. Fourteen years before, he had led the Indian forces that annihilated Colonel George Armstrong Custer's cavalry.

After the Custer Massacre, Sitting Bull escaped to Canada, to return years later on promise of immunity by the United States Government. Fighting had long since ceased, and the Indians had been reduced to the status of wards of the nation.

Hopelessness and hunger preyed on the proud Sioux whose buffalo had been slaughtered and left on the plains to rot by white men who hunted buffalo hide. Unrest grew, and in such an atmosphere only a small spark was required to ignite a blaze of bitterness.

The spark was supplied by a Paiute Indian named Wovoka, who had a vision on a Nevada mountaintop during an eclipse of the sun. Afterward, Wovoka proclaimed:

"A new Messiah is coming to earth to restore the old West and drive off the white man. The ranges

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will once again be as they were, replete with elk, antelope, deer and buffalo."

As word of Wovoka's vision spread, a wave of fanatical brotherhood swept through the tribes. Its outward manifestation was a ceremony called the "Ghost Dance" which was to prepare them for the coming of the Messiah. The Indians were told that the sick would be healed to go into battle, and that all would be protected by a long calico "ghost shirt" which would turn the bullets of the soldiers.

Military authorities and settlers in areas adjacent to Indian country became alarmed as the Dances grew in fanaticism. At that point, the War Department took an ill-advised step: it ordered General Nelson A. Miles, who was in military command of the Sioux country, to restore order. Miles decided the only way to accomplish this was to stop the Dances.

The General reasoned that arresting Sitting Bull might break the spirit and spell of the Dances. The famous frontiersman "Buffalo Bill" Cody offered to go in alone and bring out the chief; but instead, James McLaughlin, in charge of this Sioux Agency, ordered a detachment of 43 soldiers to enter the reservation and arrest Sitting Bull in the middle of the night.

Several Indian policemen—who hated the Sioux—pushed into Sitting Bull's lodge and shook him awake. After being told he was under arrest, he sat on the edge of his bed rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

As the Indian police pulled the old chief roughly to his feet, he slowly began to dress.

But once outside, Sitting Bull angrily threw off the restraining hands of his captors. In the excitement, a follower of the old man's fired at one of the policemen, who quickly fell at Sitting Bull's feet. Instantly, a barrage of shots resounded in the lodge. When it was over, Sitting Bull lay dead, his body riddled with bullets.

In keeping with the fear-laden atmosphere, orders were given for

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immediate removal of the Sioux chief's body. But, because of the confusion, it was not taken back to headquarters until later in the day.

Many of Sitting Bull's panic-stricken tribe left the reservation and joined forces with that of Big Foot, another chief who had been arrested but had escaped his captors about the time Sitting Bull was killed. This sorry remnant of the once-brave Sioux fled southward, pursued by a detachment of U. S. Cavalry under Major Whitside.

Whitside caught up with the Indians near Wounded Knee Creek and ordered them to march into camp. The next day, the Major deployed his cavalrymen and trained four field guns down the creek bed where the Sioux tepees were pitched. Then he demanded that the Indians surrender.

Broken in spirit, they complied readily enough. But when Whitside ordered them to stack their arms, he was not satisfied with the half-dozen or so antiquated rifles the order produced.

"Search the tepees," he told his men, "and bring out all the weapons you can find."

While the soldiers were searching, Good For Nothing—a hare-brained nephew of Big Foot—and a medicine man named Yellow Bird railed at the sullen braves, reminding them of the ghost shirts they wore which were impervious to the white man's bullets.

The atmosphere became tense, and inevitably there was a shot. Who fired it or why, no one has ever been sure, but immediately the cavalry opened fire.

Many Indians had hidden weapons. Others managed to get to the stacked arms which the soldiers' search had produced. In the short time the battle raged, 60 soldiers were killed. Then it was over. But the maddened soldiers continued to shoot at every moving Indian. The artillery pieces boomed down the valley, firing the tepees. Other soldiers pursued fleeing Indians relentlessly down the creek bed for two miles. Only a few escaped.

Today, a stone monument stands on the site of the community grave of the more than 200 Sioux who died in the Wounded Knee Massacre that humbled the once proud American Indian forever.

Public Notice

A NEW ENGLAND newspaper recently published this announcement: In case you find mistakes in this paper, please consider they were put there for a purpose. We publish something for everyone, and some folks are always looking for mistakes. —*Pathfinder*

CHALKED in large letters in a smallish Canadian town is a sign reading:

"Children Aren't Careless.
They're Carefree.
Keep Them That Way!"

—H. C. L. JACKSON, "Listening In On Detroit" (*Detroit News*)

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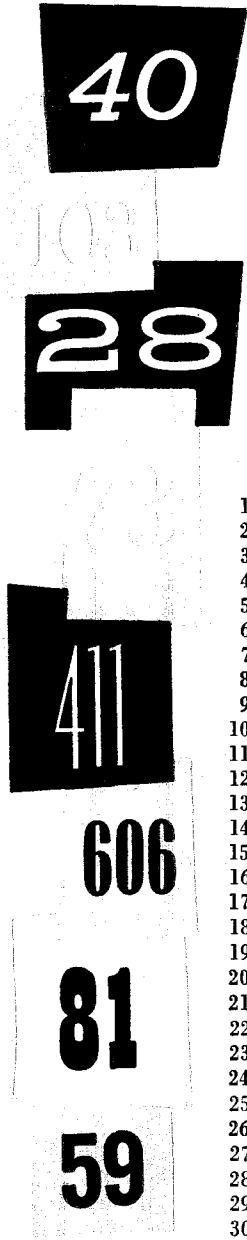

Roamin' Numerals

Musical numbers—like "Cry" and "Come-On-A-My House"—are Quizmaster Mitch Miller's specialty. But here the star of his own CBS Radio show (Sundays, 9:05-9:55 P.M., EST) deals in a different kind of number. He gives you three choices and says: "Let yourself go!" (Answers on page 88.)

1. The world holds_____oceans. (4, 5, 6)
2. An ice hockey team fields_____players. (5, 6, 7)
3. The Constitution has been amended_____times. (21, 22, 23)
4. A long ton weighs_____pounds. (2040, 2140, 2240)
5. There are_____players on a polo team. (4, 5, 6)
6. A fathom is_____feet deep. (6, 7, 8)
7. The standard piano has_____white keys. (32, 42, 52)
8. The_____Brontë sisters were all novelists. (2, 3, 4)
9. The Empire State Building is____stories high. (92, 102, 112)
10. Heaven has_____archangels. (5, 6, 7)
11. Rome was built on_____hills. (3, 5, 7)
12. A heptagon has_____sides. (7, 8, 9)
13. There were_____Confederate States. (11, 13, 15)
14. We have_____pairs of ribs. (11, 12, 13)
15. A vicennial is celebrated every_____years. (10, 20, 30)
16. There are_____major blood types. (4, 5, 6)
17. The U. S. is enhanced by_____National Parks. (16, 26, 36)
18. A basketball team consists of_____players. (4, 5, 6)
19. There are_____Deadly Sins. (6, 7, 8)
20. The Declaration of Independence had____signers. (36, 46, 56)
21. President Hamilton adorns the_____dollar bill. (5, 10, 20)
22. A checkerboard has_____red squares. (28, 30, 32)
23. A quire of paper contains_____sheets. (24, 48, 96)
24. Our_____cent stamp pictures George Washington. (1, 2, 3)
25. The standard dinner fork has_____tines. (3, 4, 5)
26. Boxers rest_____seconds between fight rounds. (30, 60, 90)
27. There are_____New England States. (5, 6, 7)
28. There are_____sides to a pentagon. (5, 6, 7)
29. A furlong is_____feet long. (220, 440, 660)
30. The standard typewriter has_____printing keys. (40, 42, 44)

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Oregon's Wings of Mercy

by MURRAY MORGAN

George Milligan had an idea: an ambulance to fly the sick out of the wilderness—but it took the school kids to put it over

THE CONTROL TOWER at the airfield at Medford, Oregon, opens onto a vista of mountain country that is beautiful, but dangerous. The ribbony roads slither and twist; the weather is wildly changeable with sudden storm and fog and ice to bedevil woodsman and vacationist. Doctors are few, hospitals hundreds of miles apart.

To George Milligan, a sandy-haired young Civil Aeronautics Administration operator who works at Medford, it seemed the tower radios and telephones all too often frantically begged for a plane—any plane—to be sent off into the bush where someone lay sick or injured.

Often the agonized victims had to be stuffed into the rear seat of tiny pleasure planes. Sometimes no plane of any kind was available, and lives that might have been saved were lost.

But in 1949, when a well-known resident of Medford died for lack of speedy medical aid, Milligan was shocked into action. Buttonholing Eric Allen, Jr., then city editor of the *Medford Mail-Tribune*, he outlined a solution.

What was needed, said Milligan, was an ambulance plane powerful enough for night flights over some of the most dangerous mountain terrain in America. The plane could bring the sick and injured into the two medical hospitals in Medford. And if local facilities were inadequate, patients could be flown to Portland, or even Seattle and San Francisco.

"So far as I know," explained Milligan, "there's no such mercy plane anywhere in the country. We won't charge a dime. I'll fly it for free. And I've talked to a lot of other ex-service pilots who say they'll volunteer, too."

"How much will you need?" asked Allen.

"Between $3,000 and $4,000 as a starter."

"O.K.," said the city editor. "Let's get this project chartered as 'Mercy Flights, Inc.,' find ten more

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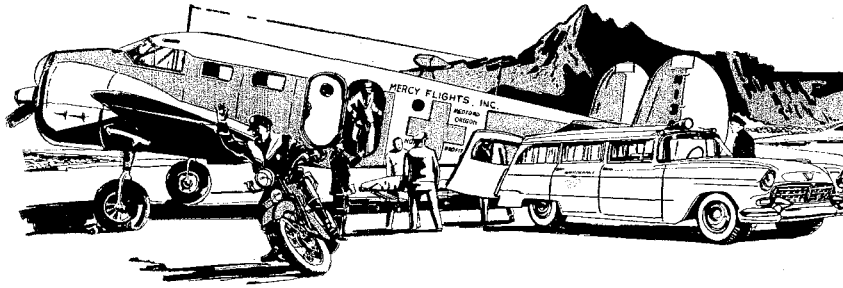

citizens for a board of directors and start the drive for funds."

Jackson County radio stations joined the campaign. So did community clubs. But after three months, only $1,000 was raised.

"Then the school kids bailed us out," recalls Milligan. "The boys and girls did odd jobs, and put the proceeds in the kitty. Around Thanksgiving, $1100 more had been raised and we were in business. We bought a second-hand Cessna, equipped with a stretcher. She cost only $1600 but needed a lot of repairs, including new fabric."

When the repairs were completed, there was hardly money enough left for gas. But everyone hoped the first actual mercy mission would touch off a flood of contributions.

It didn't. Not until a month later did the plane prove its worth when Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Holt of Medford, while driving near Goose Lake, were sideswiped by a hit-and-run driver. Mrs. Holt was thrown from the car, her back broken, her spinal cord severed. Taken to a Navy auxiliary landing strip at Lakeview, she was transferred to the Mercy Flights plane and rushed to Portland. She survived. And news of the rescue brought in enough contributions to buy the Cessna another good engine, which she badly needed.

By the end of the first year, Mercy Flights had carried 13 patients, and was several hundred dollars in debt for gas, parts and maintenance. It was obvious it couldn't operate on the cuff indefinitely.

Then Milligan thought: why not sell the service like insurance? A two dollar a year subscription would guarantee any family in Jackson County free ambulance service on flights up to 400 miles. Beyond that, they would be charged half the rate asked by commercial services.

Eleven hundred persons bought subscriptions. For the first time Mercy Flights had money for gas and maintenance.

In 1952 there was an outbreak of polio in southern Oregon; and in a single month Mercy Flights carried 23 patients to Eugene where the Sacred Heart Hospital maintains a polio clinic. One of the patients was Bill Hensley, a C.A.A. radio main-

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tenance man. Hensley was a big man, and Milligan and his co-pilot had great difficulty in passing the stretcher into the plane.

It was night. A storm was moving in from the Pacific. Milligan had just climbed above the overcast when one of the engines conked out. He made it back to Medford, borrowed a Beechcraft, and finally flew to Eugene. But Hensley died.

The next day, Milligan was talking to Col. Joe Burns, a local auctioneer who had volunteered to decontaminate the plane after flights with infectious cases.

"What we need is a Cessna with larger engines and a wider loading door," Milligan said.

"How much would it cost?"

"Too much. $4,000, anyway."

"I'll get it easily," said Burns.

And he did. In 3,000 attempts, he made 3,000 sales. And when he was through talking, one out of every three persons in Jackson County was covered by a $2 subscription.

Mercy Flights bought a new Cessna, with bigger engines and a wider loading door, and dubbed her "Miss Rogue Valley." Soon after, Mercy Flights also acquired a single-engined Stinson for trips to areas with short landing strips; and Bill Brooks, a building contractor, aided by volunteers, built a $5,000 hangar for $800.

Since Burns' sales drive, Mercy Flights has hardly ever been seriously short of funds. Ninety-two per cent of the subscribers renew each year—this even includes last year when the rate was raised to $4 to help purchase more equipment.

Greatest help of all, however, was the acquisition last October of two surplus Air Force twin-motor Beechcrafts from the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare. These powerful planes make the flights over the treacherous country safer. Not that Mercy Flights did not have a fine safety record. In more than 445 flights there has been only one accident—a crash landing in the Stinson on a return flight. No one was hurt.

But there have been several close calls. So much so that when this writer recently asked Milligan (who has flown more than half of all the missions) why there were no other volunteer air ambulance services in this country, he remarked wearily: "Because darn fools are in short supply."

City Editor Eric Allen had a different answer: "There's only one Mercy Flights, Inc., because there's only one George Milligan."

Age-Old Adages!

THE YEARS A WOMAN subtracts from her age are not lost. They are added to the ages of other women.—*Louisville Courier Journal*

NO WOMAN REALLY makes a fool out of a man—she merely gives him the opportunity to develop his natural capacities.

—WARREN HAMMER

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Once a fancy "extra," millions of Americans now rely on it for added sleep, sharper appetites, calmer nerves and more rewarding hours of work and play

by LESTER DAVID

FROM NOW ON your life is going to be air-conditioned. Man finally is doing something about the weather on a mammoth scale, and it will mean a major transformation affecting everything from your living habits and working day to your family relationships and sex life.

All this will result from the climate-control revolution now under way in America.

Few people are aware of the incredible strides made by air conditioning in only ten years. And it's still going ahead at a breath-taking pace, with no limit in sight.

Already it has wrought sweeping changes in living and working for millions. And because of the hot boom in this cool business, the entire nation will feel its effects much sooner than most people realize.

Listen to this exciting forecast by one leader in the field:

Within the next ten years, virtually all good commercial space in the country will be air-conditioned. This means that you will eat, work, shop, play, worship, entertain and travel in air-conditioned surroundings—not just occasionally, but all the time. Twenty-seven million homes will have controlled climate the year round, air conditioning will be standard equipment in all new homes costing $10,000 or more, and many shoppers will be strolling along roofed-over, air-conditioned streets.

If ten years is too long to wait for these marvels of comfort, here is a leading manufacturer's prediction for the next *five:*

Every first-class and many second-class commercial hotels will be air-conditioned throughout. Every operating room and every delivery room in every hospital will have controlled climate, with many hospitals air-conditioned throughout.

One out of every two new homes will have central units. More and more automobiles and buses will have air conditioning. A fleet of taxis so equipped is already on the streets of Houston, Texas.

The age of air conditioning was

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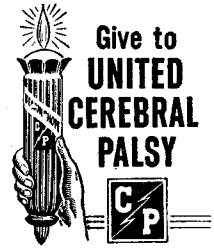
born in 1902 when the late Willis Carrier, fresh out of college, sat in a lonely Pittsburgh railroad station toying with an idea. Several months later, Carrier's idea resulted in the creation of the world's first scientific air-conditioning machine.

But natural resistance to the new idea, high costs, plus a depression and two wars, held it back. Its early uses were limited to controlling humidity in some printing plants and textile mills. Movie houses discovered the magic of air-cooling between 1920 and 1930 and, before long, they were attracting huge, grateful crowds seeking relief during the sweltering summer months.



In 1946, the production of room conditioners suddenly began soaring. Dozens of companies entered the new field, factories started humming and the boom was on. Stores, banks, restaurants and factories bought machines. Bedroom windows sprouted room units.

In 1947, the industry shipped almost 50,000 room conditioners. Last year, it sold more than 1,300,000 and soon it expects to sell 2,000,000 annually. This year, the industry estimates a demand for ten times the number of year-round central systems sold just four years ago.

With mass production under way, air conditioning is well within the reach of everyone's pocketbook. Room units are available for between $225 and $425, including installation. Central systems can be placed in existing homes for prices ranging from under $1,000 to $2,000.

A development in Long Island with homes in the $13,000 to $14,000 price class is offering air conditioning for as little as $900 extra.

Incredible as it may sound, you'll soon be able to buy a new home with a central system for about the same as one without it, and perhaps for less! The reason is that air conditioning allows the builder to save big chunks on design and construction.

Cross ventilation, for example, will be unnecessary, so homes could be built on simple, rectangular plots instead of with costly wings and corners. Pitched roofs won't be needed for air circulation, neither will breezeways and screened-in porches.

Operating costs vary according to location. Following nation-wide tests, the Airtemp Division of Chrysler Corporation developed tables to compute the normal seasonal operating costs to cool any house in the U.S.

For a new 5-room ranch home in Dallas, they estimate $90; for an old 6-room colonial home in Chicago, $60; for an old 6-room bungalow in Los Angeles, $58. Maintenance and operating costs are similarly low for other sections.

A tip-off on what to expect from air conditioning comes from a scientific experiment being conducted in a "living laboratory" outside of Austin, Texas, where the mercury

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frequently exceeds 100 in mid-summer. This is "Air-Conditioned Village," a community of 22 one-family homes specially constructed to test central systems under actual living conditions.

The unique project is sponsored by the research institute of the National Association of Home Builders, together with other industry groups. Families, who paid an average of $14,000 for their homes, took occupancy in June, 1954, and ever since doctors, engineers and psychologists have kept close watch on their progress.

Recently, a team of psychologists issued its report after a long series of interviews with the residents and their non-air-conditioned neighbors. Their astonishing findings indicate that with air conditioning:

Your family will stay together more. Air-conditioned families spent a significantly greater number of their waking hours together as a group than people who were not air-cooled. Those with teen-age children were in each other's company an average of ten hours more a week than the others. Adult families stayed together 12 hours more than their outside neighbors.

It could well be that the miracle of air conditioning may lead to a nationwide re-discovery of the riches of family life.

You will entertain more. Cool families with children played host to friends and relatives four times more often than their hot neighbors, while adult families entertained three times as much. This increasing importance of the home in the social life of a family is bound to have beneficial effects on youngsters, for whom home represents security.

You will sleep longer. Adults averaged an hour and 12 minutes more sleep nightly under air conditioning. Their children also napped better during the day.

All mothers reported that their youngsters awoke fully rested, compared with only 40 per cent of mothers in non-air-conditioned homes who said the same.

You will eat better meals. Housewives said they felt more like cooking "real meals" and less like slapping something together. There were all-around better appetites in cool surroundings than in sweltering ones.

Husbands will have better dispositions. Analysis of the data indicates marked improvement in husband-wife relationships, with wives noting remarkably increased geniality in their mates.

THE AGE of air conditioning will bring about startling transformations in:

Your home. It will look different, inside and out. You will have your rooms, walls, doors and windows where you want them for convenient living, rather than where they will be needed for ventilation.

A recent survey of homes equipped with year-round conditioning completed by Fact Finders Associates of New York reveals that house-cleaning chores will be eased considerably. Women reported that the average time saved in cleaning was 5.3 hours a week, which adds up to over 275 hours a

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year! It's a dream prospect for harried housewives.

The reason for this is that the air in climate-controlled homes is filtered, and dust and dirt do not blow inside. Hence families will go to town on bright new colors and materials they never dared use before because they got dirty too easily.

Your health. You'll feel better and may even live longer. Research studies have shown that persons living in climates where the mercury averages less than 75 degrees are less subject to infectious diseases and have better general health than those living in hotter climates. Also, high temperatures are a factor in heart disease, as they are in the mortality rate among the aged and chronically ill.

In addition, millions of hay fever sufferers will find relief as air conditioning practically eliminates pollen in a room at the height of the ragweed season.

At least one or more companies now offer air conditioners with an electronic germ killer. In cutting down airborne bacteria, it will protect your baby in its nursery as well as sick people in hospitals.

Your sex life. Dr. Albert Ellis, author of "The American Sexual Tragedy" and a nationally known psychotherapist and marriage counselor, says: "For persons living the year-round in temperate climates, sudden and sharp increases in the mercury readings have a marked depressing effect on sexual desires. It follows, then, that in air-conditioned surroundings, this depressing effect would not be experienced."

Interesting evidence of this was reported not long ago by Dr. Clarence A. Mills of the University of Cincinnati, who said: "Human conceptions resulting in live births are sharply reduced during prolonged periods of severe heat among people of the temperate regions. The whole state of Florida suffers a 30 per cent decline in conceptions during the long summer heat, whereas in Maine conception rates then are highest."

Your work. You will put in a more productive day in summer's high heat and feel less fatigued when quitting time comes. There will be less pay lost for hot-weather absences and fewer accidents at shop or factory due to lessened mental alertness.

The age of air conditioning, with all its means for a new way of life, is here. And that's not hot-air talk either but cold—well, comfortably cool—fact.

Roamin' Numerals

(Answers to quiz on page 81)

1. (4); 2. (6); 3. (22); 4. (2240); 5. (4); 6. (6); 7. (52); 8. (3); 9. (102); 10. (7); 11. (7); 12. (7); 13. (11); 14. (12); 15. (20); 16. (4); 17. (26); 18. (5); 19. (7); 20. (56); 21. (10); 22. (32); 23. (24); 24. (1); 25. (4); 26. (60); 27. (6); 28. (5); 29. (660); 30. (42).

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Grin and Share It

A RESTAURANT OWNER with ideas but little money for advertising purchased the largest fish bowl he could find, filled it with water and put it in his window with a sign reading:

"This Bowl Is Filled with Invisible Paraguayan Goldfish."

It required two policemen to keep the sidewalk in front of the window cleared.

—Speaker's *Encyclopedia of Stories, Quotations, & Anecdotes*, JACOB M. BRAUDE (Prentice Hall Inc. N. Y.)

A GUIDE in New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art asked at the end of the tour if there were any questions. After a moment's silence a lady said, "Yes. How do you get such a high finish on your waxed floors?" —*The Franklin News*

A CERTAIN EXPERT KNITTER always looked for unusual sweater patterns to try. One evening in a Chinese restaurant, she became intrigued with the Chinese characters on the menu. She took the menu home and the result was a black sweater with white Chinese characters running from shoulder to waist.

One day while wearing it she met a friend who read Chinese. He roared with laughter, then translated what she had so skillfully worked in wool: "This dish is cheap but most delicious." —*Quote*

A POSTMAN in the deep South was struggling with a snarling dog when the lady of the house appeared at the door and informed him emphatically that the dog was not ferocious. Finally releasing his foot from the dog's grip, the postman made a low bow and drawled softly: "Beg pahdon, ma'am. Ah reckon mah foot must a just got caught in his mouth." —THOMAS J. MEW

AN APPARENTLY very upset lady called a California police official and explained that she had just had her car painted a pale pink and the yellow numerals on the license plates clashed very badly with the color scheme. "It's all right if I paint the tag numbers pink too, isn't it?" she asked.

"No, it isn't, ma'am," replied the official. "That's against the law."

"That's ridiculous! Every day I see cars with different colored plates on them," snorted the lady and hung up. —MRS. FRANK A. SEARS

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Boss of the "13th"

by JAMES A. SKARDON *photographs by* ARCHIE LIEBERMAN

Elections can depend on men like Mike McDermott

who line up the big city vote—block by block

CHICAGO, like many big cities, is divided into wards which, in turn, are divided into precincts. Biggest of the wards is the 13th, sprawling along the city's southside from 55th to 75th Streets, north and south, and from Ashland to Harlem Avenues east and west. The ward includes the Chicago Midway Airport, Marquette Park, industrial plants, many homes and some 100,000 residents.

Of these, it is doubtful whether any one of them is more important to the ward as a whole than a five-foot-five, 172-pound, fifty-five-year-old Irishman who each Tuesday and Thursday evening from 7:30 to 10:00 P.M. sits at a desk in a murky office at 6509 South Kedzie Avenue and receives an endless stream of visitors. He is Michael H. McDermott who, as Committeeman of the 13th Ward Regular Democratic Organization is, in effect, Democratic "boss" of the ward. As such, he is a key figure in the party organization that starts on the block level with the workers, and goes up through the assistant precinct captains, precinct captains, ward committeeman, and county and state committeemen to the national committee, paralleling governmental offices and often exceeding them in power. For when the party organization is strong, as in Mike's case, (he has never lost the ward to the Republicans) the "organization" not only decides who is to run but, through the officials it elects, it governs.

To the people of his ward, Mike is government they can touch. He worries with them over their problems, visits with them when they are sick and, in general, sees to it that the party takes care of its own.

In doing this, he wraps up the ward for the Democratic Party. The following pictures show how he does it in his smiling, friendly way.

◀ Committeeman Mike's smile is a big Democratic asset in Chicago's 13th Ward.

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When there is sickness the party's man appears with flowers and a cheery word almost before the priest or minister. Here Mike visits friend, John E. Feeney.

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For most of his life Mike has known little but politics. His father was a Chicago precinct captain before him. Mike got his start thirty years ago as an assistant precinct captain, became successively a precinct captain and then, after 18 years, ward committeeman.

The organization chose him to serve out the term of a man who had died; and the party elected him to a full four-year term in 1952. This year he is running again for a job that pays him no salary and takes up much of his spare time, including two evenings a week and most of Saturday and Sunday. But there are benefits in being a strong party man. Mike earns $8000 a year on a fulltime job as chief clerk in the County Clerk's office and, as a representative in the state assembly, he serves six months every two years at a salary of $10,000 a term.

Working late at headquarters, Mike and his aides plan their vote-getting strategy.

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PRECINCT POLITICS: Every Tuesday and Thursday nights the people of

Mr. Covelli, jail guard, wants transfer to highway police . . .

. . . Mildred Randy wants a job as a matron . . .

MIKE does an untold number of favors for the people of his ward. Some are done out of friendship, some out of sympathy; but by far the greatest number are done for the good of the party—for the simple and straightforward reason that when Mike, or perhaps one of the 98 precinct captains who work under him, helps someone out, just one thing is expected in return for the time, trouble and thoughtfulness of the organization's man. That one thing is a vote for the candidates of the regular Democratic organization.

For this vote Mike might help to make it easier to get a license to run a school bus, give a letter of recommendation, get a jail guard transferred, help a boy apply for Annapolis, get a tax assessment more fairly adjusted, or find a job for one of the faithful. This is the you-do-this-for-me-and-I'll-do-this-for-you game that gets candidates elected in the precincts of American Democracy.

If Mike plays this game skillfully, he is able to count on enough votes among the 54,000 registered voters in the 13th Ward to carry the ward for the Democrats. He has won new friends and workers for the party. And the more people he and his organization convert, the bigger and more formidable Mike's own little empire becomes; and the stronger the party grows all the way from the precinct to Washington.

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the ward face Mike across his desk at headquarters and ask for help

. . . Mr. Curtis is seeking school bus license . . .

. . . Mary Babich wants to work for the party . . .

. . . Ernest Ganser wants a business deal cleared up.

A haircut means more political talk. For twenty years barber Dewey Del Giudice has kept Mike informed as to what the customers are thinking about various candidates and issues, while Mike gives Dewey the latest news from headquarters.

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To keep up community appearance, Mike may use party funds to fix Lincoln's nose.

EVERY SATURDAY and sometimes on Sunday, Mike makes the rounds of his neighborhood, checking on needed civic improvements, calling at the maternity hospital to welcome a new baby, chatting with priests, ministers, storekeepers, policemen, teachers, club leaders and householders.

Most of Mike's activities are of the practical sort that deal with the voters in his ward and their immediate problems. He gains as much from the on-the-spot associations as the voters do; for, especially at election time, he and his men must not only get out the vote, but must be able to give the party chiefs a running, up-to-the-minute report on the political feelings and voting intentions of the people within his ward.

By talking with people, checking on situations at first hand and studying the reports from his captains, Mike knows, almost to the house, how the voting will go in his ward. Thus, he is the party's eyes and ears as well as its helping hand and its gentle but firm persuader.

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IN THE CHAIN of command that controls the operations of a major political party, Mike reports to the higher-ups just as the precinct captains report to him. When he gets a problem he can't handle on his own level, he takes it "downtown" to Democratic Headquarters in the Morrison Hotel where he talks with county committee chairman Richard Daley who is also Mayor of Chicago.

To Mike, whatever they say "downtown" is law, be it about the choice of a candidate, the use of party funds or the handing out of jobs. This absolute obedience is a prime requisite for success in Mike's chosen profession; for without it a party, like an army, would not be able to function. Mike's loyalty and obedience to the party are steadfast, for, as he says, "I was born a Democrat and I believe in them."

Mike greets a future voter. He will check back when boy reaches 21 years.

Against background of leaders' photographs, Mike waits to see his county boss.

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Mike promises to help repair a church by seeking a donation from party fund.

A BACHELOR, Mike lives simply with his widowed sister in the same house in which he was raised. He neither drinks nor smokes and likes to get in a round of golf when he can. Evenings, when he is not at headquarters or attending some party function, he studies the latest changes in Chicago laws and reads books on politics.

Outside of the Democratic Party, one of his main interests in life is his young niece, Sharon Doran, who lives just down the block and sees to it that Uncle Mike doesn't forget the one-dollar allowance he gives her each week.

People leave Mike pretty much alone at night; but they know they can catch him at home on Sunday mornings before 10:45 when he leaves to attend 11 o'clock Mass. He will spend the rest of the day doing numerous local political chores.

Early Sunday morning, Mike's sister prepares a second cup of coffee for Mike and friend who has stopped by to ask his advice and seek help in solving a problem.

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A devout Catholic, Mike leaves the house where he has lived for 46 years to go to Mass. He allows himself about ten extra minutes to talk to constituents on the way.

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Mike tries on top hat and tails he will rent to wear to a party function. The money will come out of his own pocket as do most personal expenses. Money for running party headquarters, general operations and aiding members in emergencies comes from a 13th Ward fund raised from receipts of annual dance.

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Eating and politicking go together; and Mike, who is trying to reduce, can't resist either one. Here he meets the boys at Table 7 in Louie George's place.

WITH MOST of his time and energy voluntarily contributed to the party, Mike has little left for himself; but he would have it no other way. He is proud of his party, and proud to be able to serve it. He would fight you at the merest suggestion that his work is not as honest as any other; or that he is not serving the public good. For Mike loves people with the same intensity that marks his devotion to the Democratic Party.

As a result, things would not be the same for him if he were not able to walk along calling everyone by their first name and having them answer, "Hiya Mike!" This makes it all worthwhile; and for Mike it makes the 13th Ward the finest place in the world to live and work.

The end result: Mike scans voting list.

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She Blended Prayers With Her Paints

by ALBERTA WILLIAMS

Only when death crept closer did Inez Mason, granddaughter of slaves, begin to learn the hidden purpose of her life of unrelenting toil

Inez Mason's glowing "St. John Baptizing Jesus."

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On a bleak day in September, 1952, Inez Mason seemed to have come to the end of the road. At 54 she was penniless, practically uneducated and a widow. Her two children had died. Behind her lay the barren milestones of a life of hopeless toil. Ahead lay the shadow of inexorable death. She was incurably ill of cancer.

But it never occurred to this granddaughter of North Carolina slaves that she had nothing left to live for. She believed she had all anybody needed on earth—faith in God and His miracles.

Because of this faith, which gave her the courage to go on, Inez Mason found the answer to the purpose of her being. She found it with paint and a brush. And in 33 months of borrowed time, this woman—who had never set foot in an art museum, who never painted anything but a chicken coop—emerged as a dazzling artist who has made a permanent contribution to our culture.

At the time of her death, one of Mrs. Mason's paintings was making the rounds of Europe's foremost galleries in the Smithsonian Institute's international exhibition. Four of her paintings were in the exhibit of modern primitive art which the Smithsonian had touring cities in this country.

When Inez Mason was first brought to James Ewing Hospital of New York's Memorial Center for Cancer and Allied Diseases her malignancy had so damaged her bones that she could no longer walk, stand or sit. There was no cure. But doctors made her comfortable and temporarily averted her disease. For long periods of time each day, as she lay on her back, Mrs. Mason was able to read her Bible. On the North Carolina farm where Inez, eldest of eight children, was born she had learned to read and write, though she had no formal education.

She prayed often. And her prayers were direct and reasonable talks with her great and wise Friend. "Lord," she'd tell Him, "this *must* all be for a purpose. Maybe when I was on my feet I was goin' 'round so fast I let somethin' jump away from me. Now You've throwed me down flat. But You're the Front Man. Withouten You can't nobody do nothin'. All I'm askin' You is to let me find out what's the purpose behind all this."

With her pain gone, Mrs. Mason turned to sewing to while away the time. But, with little else to do, she soon lost interest. Whereupon Budwin Conn, the Center's 29-year-old art teacher, asked if she would like him to teach her how to draw.

"Teach me?" replied Mrs. Mason fervently. "All my life I been wishin' somebody'd teach me somethin'."

Conn gave her a 15-minute beginner's lesson. Then Mrs. Mason put the drawing board across her stomach and went to work trying to draw a toy dog. At the next lesson, Conn left her carnations to draw. "Her work wasn't particularly good," he recalls. "But as therapy it was a success."

Soon Mrs. Mason, who knew nothing of various kinds of paints, volunteered, "I like to get rid of

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INEZ MASON

these pencils and use somethin' more solid-like."

"I'll get you paints as soon as you can sit up far enough in bed to use them," Conn promised.

"Lord," Mrs. Mason confided to her Friend on high, "seem like there's a purpose workin' out. Somethin' surely is happenin'."

In early December Mrs. Mason was able to have her bed raised about four inches for a quarter of an hour daily, and Conn started her working in a medium called gouache—colors ground in water and mingled with a gum preparation. It proved ideal for her.

But her first three pictures were amateurish, says Conn, so he gave Mrs. Mason a simple assignment—to paint a house. On his return, however, she flatly announced that she could paint no house, nor did she want to have another lesson. "Feeling lazy, eh?" teased Conn.

When next Conn came, she had ready for him a yellow house that fairly sang in brilliance of tint and boldness of line. At one side of it was a garden. In the yard were a chinaberry tree, a well and a water bucket. Conn was amazed and delighted at what he saw. Here was a fresh, vigorous, almost audacious talent, combined with a daring use of colors.

The house, Inez explained, was her home when she was first married. Conn asked if she'd had help with the picture. Inez Mason chuckled. "All my life I works hard. Then you, my teacher, calls me lazy. Only way I can prove you wrong is to paint a house. But I don't know how. So I ask God to help me. And He do."

The painting won a blue ribbon at an exhibition in Knoedler Art Galleries in New York.

Once Conn discovered Mrs. Mason's natural talent he ceased giving her specific instructions. He gave her only the help she requested. Her questions were simple: "How you draw a face lookin' front?" "Water and sky both blue; how you make one stop and the other start?"

In her religious pictures Mrs. Mason showed that to her the Bible's places were real, its people her living friends. Inspiration for "God Sittin' in a Ship" (in her speech Jesus was always God) came to her from the fifth chapter of Luke. After she had concentrated and prayed over interpreting the third verse, she asked Conn, "How you draw a ship?"

Conn showed her how to draw a fishing boat. Inez shook her head. "That a little old boat like you take out on a river to catch a mess of catfish."

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"Jesus preached from a fishing boat," Conn pointed out.

Inez was unconvinced. "That not the way it look to me. I see God in somethin' like a yacht." The finished painting shows a fishing boat with a yacht-like superstructure.

When she painted "Noah's Ark" she wondered how she could depict Noah and his wife and Shem, Ham and Japheth and their wives, as well as all the animals.

"You could show the people looking out the door and window and the animals on shore ready to come aboard," suggested Conn one day.

She admired this solution. And the painting, one of her best, was among the four on display in the Smithsonian's national exhibition of American Natural Painters.

In the keen sense of freedom she found in her new power of self-expression, Inez Mason was sure she discerned the purpose behind the turn her life had taken. "First time I know what it is to feel free was in that hospital bed. I guess I had to get plumb helpless to be set free. I'd look at a picture and I'd say to myself, 'Now, just to think—I *made* that! That's me—nothin' bottled back. No steppin' aside. No watchin' other folks. Just sayin' it the way it come from me inside, thinkin' it free and sayin' it free.' "

In June, just seven months after her first drawing lesson, Inez had 25 paintings ready for the one-man show Conn conceived for officially launching his protégé. The show was held in the doctors' lounge at Memorial Hospital. Present were Mrs. Mason's relatives and friends from Harlem, and members of the hospital staff.

The climax came when Dr. Otto Kallir, the dealer who brought Grandma Moses to fame, hailed Mrs. Mason as "a wonderful discovery." Later he bought four of her new paintings for his St. Etienne Gallery.

During the summer Inez started

Uneducated, untutored, Inez Mason painted these brilliant "modern primitives" as she lay dying of cancer. Reminiscent in theme, they reflected the simple devotion of her religious faith.

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the slow process of getting back on her feet. Using a mechanical walker, she practiced in the hospital corridors. And by the end of September she could get about so well on crutches that she left the hospital and went to live with a sister in a neat, fresh-curtained room in a West Side tenement. Here she painted, sewed and read her Bible, and on Sundays swung along on her crutches 18 blocks to church. Here, too, she began to make plans for "the stirringest painting I ever thought of"—a picture of the Holy City.

But the Holy City she was sure she'd seen so clearly in her mind never got to be put on canvas. A week after this writer's final interview with Mrs. Mason, the "appointed hour," of which she had spoken so often and serenely, came to her. And she slipped peacefully into the silence from whose postponement her spirit—and the world of art—had gathered such rich rewards.

Suppose It Happened to You?

THE SHEIK IN CHARGE of a caravan permitted a diamond merchant to travel as his guest on the journey across the desert. The sheik assured the merchant that he need have no fear of his jewels being stolen because the tribesmen feared the white donkey in the caravan. The tribesmen were convinced that the beast was sacred.

To keep his rough tribesmen in line, the sheik encouraged this belief. Each night the donkey was sheltered in a special tent, and each morning his tail was dipped into perfume. This made the donkey fit company for the spirits, the sheik told his men.

All went well on the journey until early one morning the merchant burst into the sheik's tent screaming, "My jewels! They've been stolen!"

The sheik promptly summoned his tribesmen and demanded that the thief return the jewels. But not a man stirred.

"Very well," the sheik growled. "Since the thief refuses to confess, my sacred donkey will find him out. Each of you will enter the donkey's tent, grasp his tail and pull three times. When the guilty one pulls, the sacred beast will bray."

One by one the tribesmen entered the tent, but not a sound was heard from the donkey.

"Sacred donkey, bah!" rasped the merchant. "Now what, wise one?"

The sheik merely smiled and said, "Wait, I am not finished."

The sheik had a trick up his sleeve, and he was going to find out who stole the jewels. But how? If you were he, *what would you have done?* (Solution on page 131.)

—LOUIS WOLFE

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A Night of Terror... a Lifetime of Anguish

by MARGIE ANSON, *as told to* CAL BERNSTEIN

On Sept. 17, 1955, the newspapers in Denver, Colorado, carried an item disclosing that a 27-year-old mother had been raped. In keeping with newspaper custom, her identity remained secret.

Now, for the first time, Mrs. Margie Anson rips aside this cloak of anonymity. In her own words, she tells the story of her night of horror for only one purpose: to dramatize the confusion surrounding our state laws on therapeutic abortion. For it is this confusion that unwittingly sentenced Mrs. Anson to a life of sorrow. This month she will give birth to her attacker's child.

CORONET is publishing Mrs. Anson's story as a simple human document. Readers may judge for themselves the moral, legal and religious issues that arise from the problem. —*THE EDITORS*

I TRIED TO SCREAM. But he stuffed a handkerchief into my mouth, and snarled, "So help me, I'll kill ya!" Then, tying my hands behind my back, he punched me squarely in my face, again and again. I struggled to stay conscious.

I remember being dragged into the bedroom—my mind a melee of tortured thoughts. I knew what was happening. But I couldn't believe it. This couldn't happen to me. Now he was pinning me to the dresser as he fumbled in the drawers. *Take the $15 and go,* I prayed wildly.

Tonight had been like every other night. I had visited my husband Joe at Rose Memorial Hospital, where he was recuperating from a hernia operation. I stayed until the end of visiting hours at 8:30. Then, after taking the bus and stopping for a paper, I walked to the basement apartment we'd lived in for the past three years.

I remember sitting down on the couch and thinking how good it was that Anita, our two-year-old daughter, was able to stay at a friend's house while Joe recuper-

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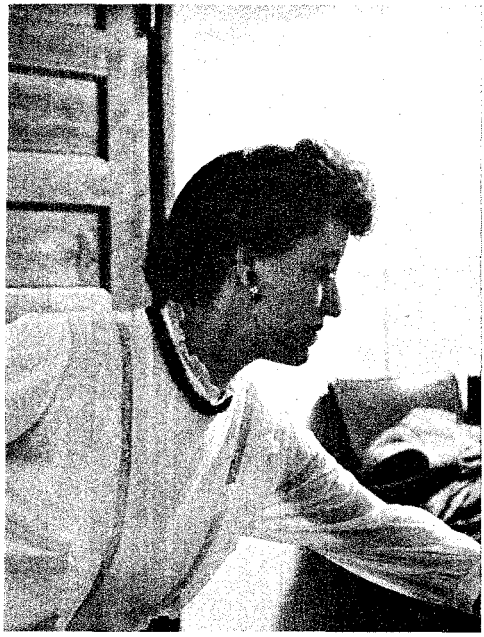

The victim—Mrs. Anson's attacker slunk in through an unlocked kitchen door.

ated at the hospital. Then I started reading the paper. About a half hour later I heard someone walking outside. It reminded me to go to the kitchen and snap the night-lock button. I walked back into the living room.

Almost immediately, the door opened. A huge man stood there. He looked over 6 feet tall and about 200 pounds. I was stunned. All at once I realized I hadn't pushed the door completely shut before snapping the lock. I cried, "What do you want?"

"I want to use your phone to call the police. I've had an accident," he said nervously.

Before I could reply, he strode in and started dialing. I figured on walking out past him to the back porch, just to be on the safe side. But suddenly he twisted around from the phone and grabbed me. He stuffed his fingers into my mouth and threatened to kill me if I made a noise.

Now here he was, less than 10 minutes later, ransacking the dresser, while he held me bound and gagged. I still didn't know where he came from, or who he was.

Nearby on the bed lay my scissors and two razor blades from my sewing kit. The intruder glanced at them sideways. I was horrified.

"Where do you keep the rest of your money?" he demanded, pocketing a watch which was in the dresser. I turned my head towards the ironing board. I prayed he would heed my strangled plea: "Please take the money and leave me alone." Instead, he pushed me towards my pocketbook, emptied the coin purse of $2, then alternately shoved and pulled me back into the bedroom. Punching me in the mouth once more, he snapped out the lights.

With every ounce of energy in my exhausted body I kicked, tossed, butted and desperately tried to spit out the gag. But his huge frame was overpowering. I kept thinking of the razor blades and scissors on the bed, within his easy reach.

After the attack, he went into the kitchen, warning: "Stay where you are or I'll kill you." I could hear him open the utensil drawer. In some shock, I could still wonder if he was looking for a carving knife to cut my throat. Actually, at that

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point it wouldn't have made much difference to me.

A few minutes later he walked into the bedroom, gulping a bottle of soda pop. "I'm goin' to wait outside the door," he snarled. "If you make a sound, I'll come back . . . and you'll be sorry!"

As soon as he left I backed up to the latch on my door and, with my hands still tied, managed to open it. Running to my neighbors' adjoining basement apartment, I kicked on their door as hard as I could. It took them almost a minute to hear me above their television set. They untied my hands and we all ran out to hunt for the attacker. But he was gone.

When the police came, they immediately took me to Denver General Hospital for treatment. I told them the full story. They phoned my husband.

A hospital doctor was summoned to examine me. He verified that I'd been raped. Trembling, still dazed from my ordeal, I asked him what would happen if I became pregnant. He replied that the chance was remote. Next day I went to my own physician. He treated my bruises, swollen arm, jaw and knees, and also gave me a shot of penicillin to prevent possible venereal disease.

That morning I called my boss up and he suggested I take a few days off before returning to work as a waitress at the drive-in. So I went to visit Joe in the hospital. He was tormented by the same questions that had tortured me all night—"Have you ever seen this man before? Did he follow you from the bus? How did he know you were alone?"

Joe had been operated on only four days before. During the previous two weeks he had suffered agony that immobilized him completely. He was still in a badly weakened condition. And he writhed at the mental picture of his wife being assaulted while he lay helplessly in the hospital. But I still only half believed it. Rape is something you read about in the newspapers. It isn't something that happens to you.

I HAD BEEN RAISED on a wheat farm in central Nebraska, the seventh of eight children. My childhood had been happy. I'd come to Denver six years ago for a vacation, decided it was a good place to live, and remained.

Joe and I met while I was working for the same restaurant I'm working for now. He was a book-

The reporter—**Jane Sterling published Mrs. Anson's plea to women of Denver.**

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***The husband*—Joe Anson forces a smile as he holds his daughter Anita, 2.**

keeper with two years of college education. He's 31, I'm 27. And ever since we were married three years ago we've lived in the same house, held the same jobs.

It hasn't been easy taking care of Anita, with both of us working. But we've managed with the help of friends and carefully selected baby-sitters.

Sunday was our day together. After attending Grand Avenue Methodist Church, we would all pile in the car and go for a ride. That was the highlight of our week. Until fate intervened, we were just an average American family.

Several weeks after the attack, I discovered just how bitter was that fate. My family doctor told me I was pregnant.

I almost fainted. How could I ever learn to love a child who was conceived under such terrifying circumstances, whose father was a sex maniac? But the doctor thought that an abortion might be legal in this case.

Meanwhile, my attacker had been caught in Denver while attempting to assault another woman. The police asked me to identify him at headquarters. As soon as I walked into the room, I recognized him. Eighteen-year-old John Peters coolly confessed raping me and two other women, as well as assaulting three more women in the Denver area.

District Attorney Bert Keating approached me in the corridor. He said flatly, "Your doctor called me about a legal abortion for you. You can't cover up one crime with another. There's no law in Colorado allowing abortion in a case like this."

He might have said more. I was too stunned to hear.

On the way out I thought of all the things I *should have* told him. *What if this happened to your wife or your daughter?* Why can't I even have a trial, like a common criminal, and ask a judge or a jury for mercy? Why should I suffer for a crime I did not commit?

Half out of my mind, I practically ran all the way home. As soon as I got there, I telephoned my doctor. "In God's name, do something," I begged. "There must be something legal you can do."

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I felt trapped. No one, except my husband, really cared what was happening to me. But the walls were closing in on us.

I knew I could never love a child brought into this world under such circumstances. It may sound cruel to anyone who hasn't suffered the mental torture I've suffered. But I knew I could never raise an illegitimate child in the same house with my husband and daughter.

A friend of Joe's recommended a lawyer. He said there was nothing he could do and suggested a psychiatrist. The psychiatrist, in turn, suggested another lawyer, who said, "Why not try another state. You're free to travel." I felt as though *I* were the criminal, trying to escape.

I went to the State Capital Law Library, trying to search out information about legal abortions in every state. But the legal language was bewildering. The Colorado laws said that an abortion was possible if having a baby would mean danger to the physical or mental health of the mother. I could not understand why this would not apply to me.

Surely my mental health was at stake. God knows what will happen to my mind by the time the baby is born!

Meanwhile, the days, which seemed like years, were passing. By the fourth month of my pregnancy, I told my story to still another doctor. "I'm afraid it's too late now anyway," he said. "At this late date an abortion—even if it were permissible—would endanger your life."

Can you blame me for sounding bitter in the telling of all this? In the past, as a good citizen, I always shared the naïve belief that when a crime is committed all the forces of law and decency rush to the aid of the victim. Instead, what it all came to was that there was nothing in the laws that could help me.

In desperation, I approached Jane Sterling, a woman columnist on the *Denver Post*. I felt that if other women could be spared this kind of nightmare, through my own experience, I would retrieve some human dignity. I know that there are many sex perverts walking the streets even in Denver today simply because women won't press charges,

***The rapist*—John Peters calmly relaxes after confessing he had attacked others.**

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won't testify, won't come out in public from behind their shame. For my own conscience, I was determined to bring this to public attention.

Jane published my open letter to the women of Denver, although under the newspaper code my name was withheld. At least 200 people wrote to me, c/o "Victim," offering advice. Among them were six women who also had become pregnant from rape attacks. It surprised me to learn there were so many. Most of them were unmarried, and had to carry an added burden of community scorn. The majority of the letter writers sympathized with me, and demanded the laws be changed to offer relief for victims of criminal assault. But some disagreed on religious grounds, saying that only God can give life, and man should not be allowed to take it away.

On January 15, 1956, Peters was sentenced to from 40 to 80 years at hard labor in Colorado State Penitentiary. He pleaded guilty not only to assaulting *me*, but also two other women, one 52, the other 28.

But what about me?

I have been sentenced by society to carry this sex maniac's baby to full term. I knew that I couldn't possibly find love for such a child, despite the baby's innocence. So for my own sake, for the sake of my family, and perhaps above all for the sake of the child not yet born, I have resolved to offer him for adoption immediately after his birth this month. My husband fully agrees with this decision. So do my parents.

Why have I suddenly decided to stop being faceless?

Why am I telling this intimate personal story? Because I believe that my story will help call attention to the fact that society needs to do more to protect women from undergoing my ordeal. I hope that not only the women of America, but the men who make our laws, can learn some important lessons from my plight. If even one woman can find any measure of help, my pride will be redeemed. The only satisfaction I have left as a woman is to extend a helping hand to save others, including my own daughter, from a fate similar to mine.

I hope that someone, somewhere, will initiate *effective* laws against sex offenders. I'm glad that Peters is behind bars and cannot do more harm. I also hope that science and society may find a way not only to isolate sex criminals, but also to cure them.

And most of all I hope that abortion laws will be created which take rape clearly into consideration. Whatever laws now exist are nothing but vague and difficult to apply.

For my own personal situation there is no answer. But it's not a minute too soon to start thinking about others. Remember, I, too, said, *It can never happen to me!*

THE ONLY RELAXATION some people get these days is waiting for the car ahead to make a left-hand turn. —DAN BENNETT

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The Day Judge Lynch Cried Hang!

by LAWRENCE ELLIOTT

Slowly the crowd swelled—and while authority turned its back, a howling mob took over and shamed a city

FOR AMERICANS, the year 1933 was a year of rising tension, frustration, fear. In the Spring, with the Depression nearing its peak, the banks closed. One out of every three people needing work had none.

But crime and violence flourished. A bank robber named John Dillinger was given more newspaper space that Fall than the President of the U. S. and, one after another, the names of Lindbergh, Boettcher, Hamm, O'Donnell and Urschel had appeared on the front pages, the victims of kidnappings. Some were ransomed, some killed. No one felt safe any more. . . .

San Jose, California, on the evening of November 9, presented the picture of any desperate, Depression-ridden town across the country —only more so. Once a pleasant little fruit-canning community in the Santa Clara Valley, about 40 miles outside of San Francisco, now it had been swollen to a population of 50,000 by drought-driven "Okies" and impoverished Mexicans.

Newcomers and old felt pushed around, but there seemed nothing they could do about it.

A few minutes before six that evening, 22-year-old Brooke Hart walked out of his father's department store and climbed into his roadster. A man stepped on to the running board, said something to young Hart and got in beside him.

Four and a half hours later, the telephone rang in Brooke Hart's home. His father, concerned because the boy had said he'd drive straight home from the store, went quickly to pick up the phone.

"We've got your son," said a

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muffled voice. "If you want to see him alive, get $40,000 and be ready to follow instructions. We'll be in touch."

The elder Hart got the $40,000. Then he went to the police. Sheriff William J. Emig promptly traced the long-distance call, found that it came from a pay booth in San Francisco. Then he put a tap on the Hart telephone.

Next day, Brooke's empty roadster was found on a lonely road 30 miles northwest of San Jose, headlights still burning.

Alexander J. Hart received another call, and then a note, from the kidnappers.

On November 16, a third call came, this time from inside San Jose. Sheriff Emig himself sped to the scene, a public garage. In the pay booth, Thomas H. Thurmond was instructing Brooke Hart's father: "Drive toward Los Angeles on the coast road. A man with a white mask will stop you. . . ."

He was arrested and taken to the Santa Clara County jail. He was a small dark man of 30 or so, an unemployed San Jose automobile mechanic. Some of the policemen knew him.

Tom Thurmond's confession came willingly, almost eagerly, according to the police. He and Jack Holmes had planned the whole thing between them, Thurmond admitted. They had pulled it off.

Where was Brooke Hart now?

Dead.

Thurmond seemed tired, glad that it was all over.

Jack Holmes, he said, had gotten into Hart's car and forced him to drive toward the Calveras Dam area near San Francisco Bay. Thurmond had followed in his own car.

A half mile from the San Mateo Bridge they stopped, blindfolded Hart and continued on to the bridge in Thurmond's car. There they smashed the boy over the head with a brick, trussed him with wire and

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weighted him with two concrete blocks. Then they threw him in the Bay.

When they saw him struggling around in the water, they shot him six times.

Then they had meant to kill him from the start?

"Yes. We thought it would be easier with him out of the way. We didn't want to bother with lugging him around the countryside."

Sheriff Emig's men picked up Jack Holmes at his home and brought him to the county jail.

Within hours, newspapers were on the street with Thurmond's grisly confession. Holmes, the police said, had corroborated it.

By the time the two men were led across to the courthouse for arraignment, 60 or 70 people had gathered in front of old St. James Park to watch.

For days, San Jose talked only of the murderers of Brooke Hart as the newspapers reported every detail of what Holmes and Thurmond ate and wore and said.

Holmes' father, a tailor, after a visit with the prisoner, said his son told him:

"Dad, I swear to you I had no part in this thing."

But his confession? Didn't he confess?

In the barbershops and taverns and drugstores, San Joseans turned lawyer, judge and executioner.

"I see where the guy who sold Thurmond the concrete blocks identified him. That oughta clinch it."

"I don't know. They'll plead insanity—like Loeb and Leopold. They might even get off. Mark my words."

"They better not. They just better not. They're guilty as hell and as far as I'm concerned a trial is a waste of time and money."

"Somebody oughta string 'em up. Ain't safe for respectable people to walk the streets any more."

ON SUNDAY MORNING, November 26, two duck hunters discovered the battered and sodden body of Brooke Hart near the shoreline of San Francisco Bay.

Word that they were bringing Hart back to San Jose re-charged the sullen, blind resentment focused on the two men in the jail. Clusters of people met on the sidewalks, spoke heatedly, then moved on toward St. James Park.

By 4 P.M. that day, a couple of hundred men were gathered between the park and the courthouse, staring restlessly at the brick jail.

Governor James Rolph, Jr., was alerted to the heightening tension.

"I will not, under any circumstances, send National Guard troops to protect those two," the Governor said. "Maybe California is going to give the country a lesson in how to deal with kidnappers."

As night fell, the crowd in front of the courthouse moved in closer. A few began to shout: "Send them out here. We'll take care of them!"

Inside, Sheriff Emig ordered all firearms locked in a back room. He swore in 20 special deputies and, distributing tear gas bombs to city police, sent them out front to put up a barricade.

There were over 3,000 people in

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front of the jail now. A steady, ominous sound, like a growl deep in the throat, hung over them, punctuated at intervals by a hoarse shout:

"We want Holmes and Thurmond!"

Suddenly, the crowd surged ahead. There was no signal: the accumulated weight of their bodies pressing forward simply forced those in the front ranks up against the barricade, and through.

In a chaotic split second, the police were brushed aside and 3,000 howling men and women made a concerted rush for the jail.

Patrolman Nick Torres threw the first tear gas bomb. For an instant, the blinding, acrid fumes halted the rush. Then the mob pressed forward again. Two more gas bombs exploded and, this time, spluttering and choking, they fell back.

"Go on home," shouted a deputy. "Let the law handle this."

THE MOB hooted derisively. Loose now in the 20th century were the primitive passions of another age. Those men up in the jail had become more than the brutal killers of Brooke Hart. They were now the incarnation of evil—and they had to be exorcised.

A brick smashed through a ground floor window of the jail. Soon, a steady tattoo of bricks and tiles, brought from a post office under construction nearby, beat against the walls and crashed through the windows.

More gas bombs exploded, but they merely fed the mob's fury.

Then back somewhere in the bowels of the mob a horrible, relentless chant began: "Brooke Hart ... Brooke Hart ... Brooke Hart..."

In St. James Park, someone climbed to the top of the statue of William McKinley and cried out: "All right! Let's get some men with guts enough to follow men. We're going in and bring those bastards out!"

Then, leading a platoon of some 50 men, he made for the skeleton of the new post office. Back they came with two 25-foot lengths of eight-inch pipe.

One rush and the barricade was down—for good. The police, their supply of tear gas depleted, fell back.

Once, twice, three times the battering ram smashed into the jail's great iron doors as the mob roared encouragement. One more ram and the doors gave.

"Brooke Hart... Brooke Hart... Brooke Hart..."

Deputies were knocked down as screaming, scrambling men poured through the doors. Sheriff Emig was clubbed to the floor unconscious.

In swept the mob, shouting, peering into one cell after another.

"Here he is!"

Jack Holmes clung to the grating of his second-floor cell.

"I'm Holmes," he cried to them, "but for God's sake give me a chance to explain my part in this thing."

They beat his knuckles with bricks and pried his fingers loose from the grating.

Upstairs, six men found Thurmond. He lay quivering on the floor, desperately clutching a pipe.

"Please," he sobbed. "Please."

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The six knelt on the stone floor of the cell and prayed for Thurmond's soul. Then they dragged him out.

Battered and bleeding, the prisoners were hauled across to St. James Park, Holmes naked, Thurmond babbling incoherently. There ropes were fitted to two elm trees. The statue of McKinley was lost beneath the horde that clung to it in a frantic quest for a better view.

"String 'em up!"

Thurmond, who had fainted with fear, was fitted for the noose first. As he was hoisted slowly into the air, someone began the chant again: "Brooke Hart . . . Brooke Hart . . . Brooke Hart . . ."

With a final spasm, Thurmond hung quietly.

Holmes, who stood over six feet and weighed 200 pounds, fought for his life. Twice he tore his hands loose and threw the noose off his neck. They pummeled him mercilessly and, in the end, pinned his arms behind him and pulled the rope taut.

"Please, boys," he begged, "don't string me up. Don't . . ."

They drew his naked body high into the air and after one frenzied convulsion he hung there, turning slowly on the end of the rope.

For perhaps an hour the crowd drifted uncertainly about the park. A few minutes before midnight, two squads of San Francisco police arrived. They cut the bodies down and carried them to the funeral parlor where, in another room, lay the remains of Brooke Hart.

Next day, Governor Rolph said, "If anyone is arrested for the good job, I'll pardon them all."

There was no need, for in January a coroner's jury found insufficient evidence to indict anyone for the San Jose lynchings. The deaths of Thomas H. Thurmond and John M. Holmes, the jury concluded, had come at the hands of a mob whose members were unknown. Sheriff Emig, who had sustained a brain concussion in defense of his prisoners, was exonerated of any blame.

Some months later, Ellis O. Jones, an official investigator for the American Civil Liberties Union, wrote that, while it was not his province to examine guilt or innocence in the lynchings, he had gone to considerable pains to check on "the ironclad alibi" offered for him by Jack Holmes' parents. "There are many incredible features of the so-called confession obtained by third-degree methods," he said—and it is entirely possible that an innocent man was hanged at San Jose.

Familywise

MOST OF US don't find any use for the advice our parents gave us until we have a family of our own.

A PRACTICING PSYCHOLOGIST is a mother who can convince her child that he will have a better time playing next door. —*Wall Street Journal*

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Aboard train—any room becomes a dressing room and rehearsal hall for Lundigan

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and Mary, as they race against time.

Traveling Trademarks

photographs by CARROLL SEGHERS II

THE LOUDEST NOISE in television today is the industry's own huzzahs for its latest type of merchandising. It involves the use of Hollywood notables as supersalesmen who become completely identified with the products they sell. Stars of this technique are William Lundigan and blonde Mary Costa. *Officially*, they're host and hostess on Chrysler's "Climax" and "Shower of Stars" programs, heard on different Thursday nights over CBS. *Actually*, they've become the living symbol of all Chrysler cars wherever they go. And they're on the go constantly, as the following pages show.

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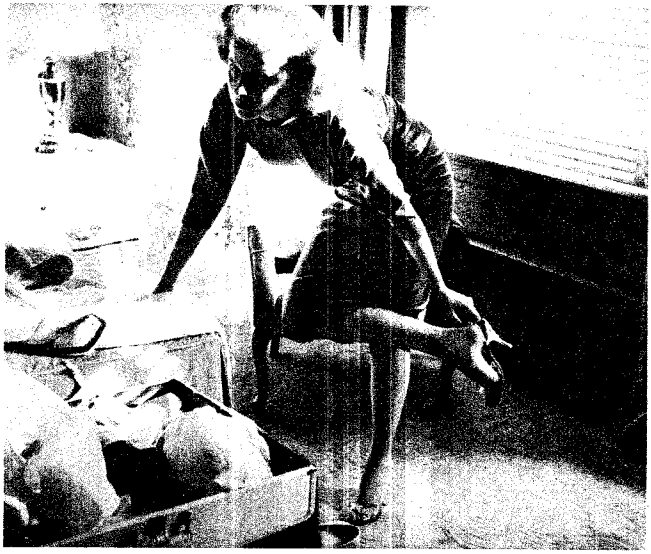
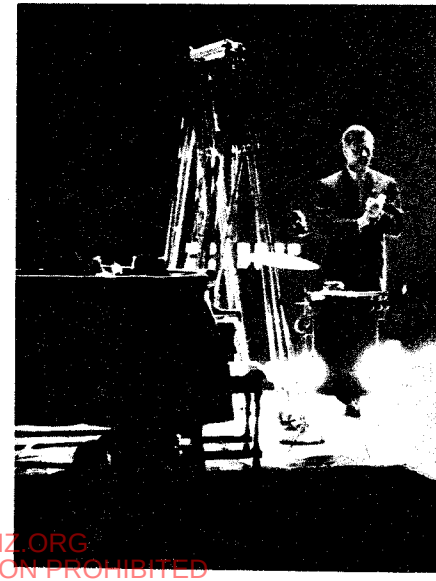


Mary changes her shoes before dashing off to a party.

AS SUPERSALESMEN, the lives of Lundigan and Mary are a hurlyburly of travel—six days a week, 50,000 grueling miles a year. Typical is the three-day frenzy portrayed here. Rushing out of Los Angeles after their regular TV show, Lundigan and Mary flew to Minneapolis, grabbed a few hours sleep, and in rapid succession: did a radio interview, attended a press conference, worked at an auto



Lundigan introduces Mary, who quickly captures the audience with an ad lib joke. A few moments later she bolsters the collective female ego of America by backing a car through two narrow pillars with all the skill of a veteran taxi driver. She's too tactful to admit it, but her husband, Frank Tashlin, Hollywood director, says she's a better driver than he is. And what does he do while she's traveling? Spends his leisure time behind a telephone, trying to catch up with her. Sometimes, with luck, he succeeds.

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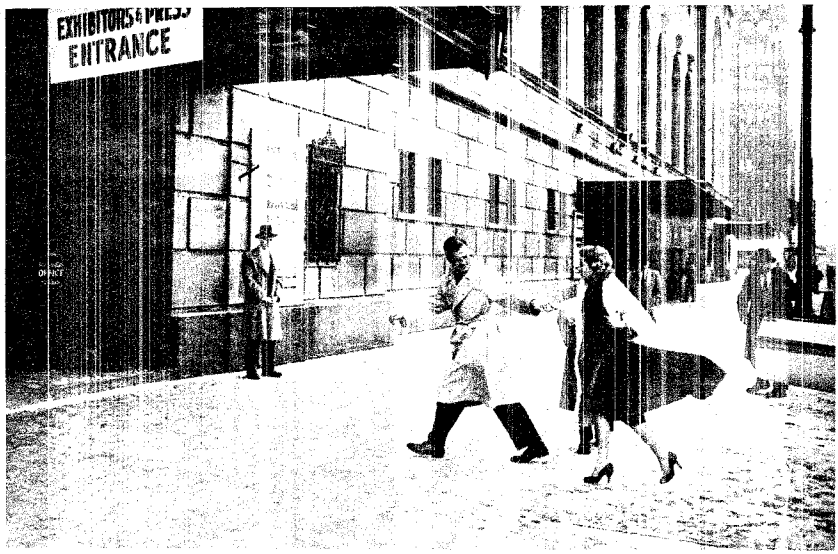

In Minneapolis, Lundigan lends Mary a hand as they scramble for the auto show.

show, guested on a TV program, attended a car dealers' party and dashed back to the auto show. Next day they entertained at a luncheon, did their stint at the auto show, visited the Shriners Hospital, went to a dinner and again returned to the auto show. Sunday—their day off—they sped to Chicago, survived through a marathon four-hour press luncheon, then blearily took the Super-Chief back to Los Angeles.

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A crowded car heading for the next stop is often the only haven where they can find a few moments for private thought. The strain of their grind remains mirrored on their faces. But their companion, publicist Byron Farwell, manages to nap.

While Mary chats with visitors at a dealers' party, Lundigan leans into his seat, trying to relax. Too much standing brings on twinges from an old football injury he suffered at Syracuse University, where he originally planned to be a lawyer.

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After shaking hundreds of hands and signing innumerable autographs, Mary still manages to keep smiling. Lundigan, a bit more sombre, stares at his wristwatch and fortifies himself with coffee. He says it serves as a substitute for sleep.

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Lundigan works as Mary naps on plane.

LIKE ALL true troupers, Lundigan and Mary live out of suitcases. On this jaunt Bill toted just one—the size of a footlocker. And within its copious confines he had stashed away five suits, a leisure sports outfit, ten shirts, 12 ties, and 3 pairs of shoes; also a picture of the baby girl he and his wife recently adopted.

Mary's three travel bags disgorged five pairs of shoes, a slacks outfit, three travel dresses and three dressy dresses. A green-eyed, five-foot-six, 123-pound bundle of energy, she designs her own clothes, does her own hair and manicures, and likes to go skin diving—"And I know how the fish feel," she says. "Every Thursday night people stare at me through a little window, too."

You can't kid a newspaperman. So Lundigan and Mary make no effort to hide their exhaustion as they chat with columnist Irv Kupcinet in Chicago's Pump Room.

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Assisted by companion, Mary makes a quick change before hurrying to a party.

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Waiting to go on the air for a guest appearance, Mary gulps a quick sandwich and milk. Calories are no problem. For nothing she eats alters her svelt contours. So she eats whenever she's hungry, which is about five times a day—if she can manage to find the time. She doesn't drink or smoke.

Lundigan makes like an unhappy statue as he takes position to rehearse a commercial. He must stand stock still—and he does in the midst of a yawn—while cameraman and director decide on the proper angle for the best effect. It's all part of the unavoidable drudgery that finally adds up to "perfect timing."

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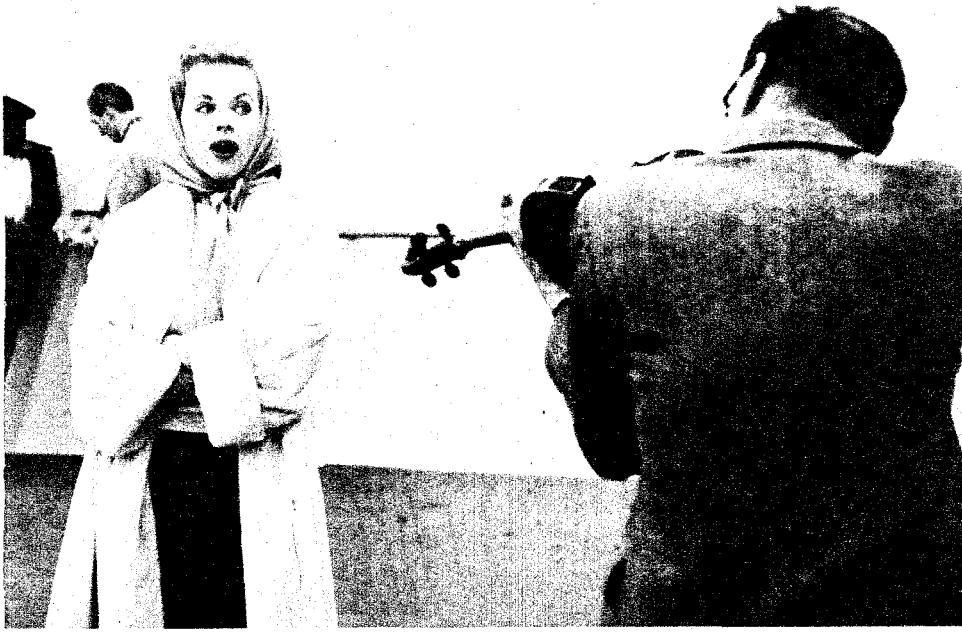

While the beret-wearing Rochester kibitzes in the background, Mary sings and Jack Benny torments his fiddle in rehearsal for "Shower of Stars" program.

ALTHOUGH their three-day grind left Lundigan and Mary exhausted, it was a physical, not an emotional, weariness. For they have a tremendous enthusiasm for their work—the basic ingredient of all supersalesmanship. And it is a sincerity so infectious that after Lundigan's very first commercial, explaining the company's new push-button gear shift, dealers discovered many of their prospective customers were referring to it in exactly the same words that Lundigan had used.

But Bill and Mary do their "direct selling" only on TV and at auto shows. At all other functions they merely act as themselves. They have no façade. They have no "party line." Spontaneously witty and smiling, sometimes earnest, sometimes airy—and almost always just plain bone-weary—they continue to make their interminable rounds day after day: doing a super-unique job as Chrysler's supersalesmen.

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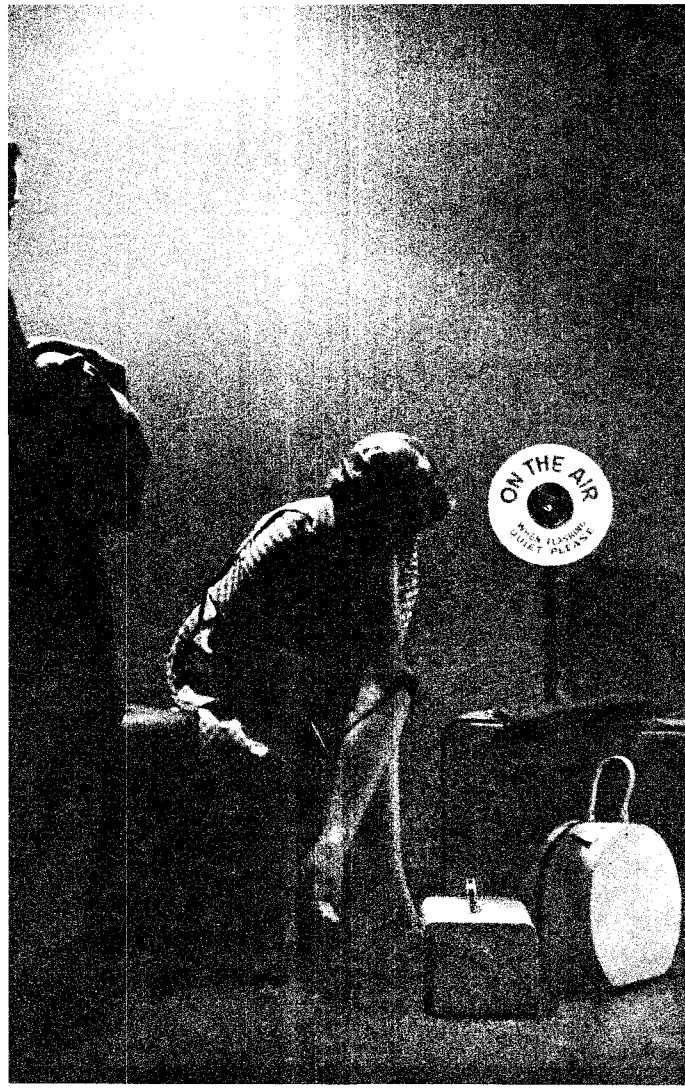

›llywood, they rest after their TV show before taking off agai

CORONE'

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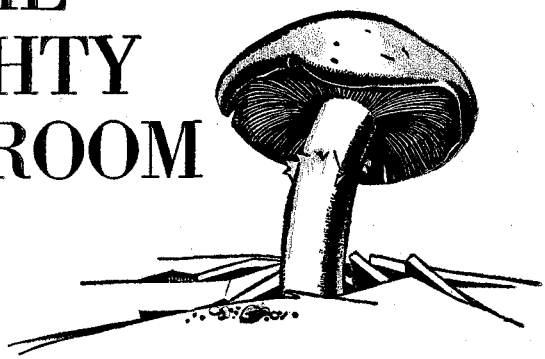
THE MIGHTY MUSHROOM



by REED MILLARD

It can glow like a lamp, smell like garlic or even lift up a concrete floor—and it may soon become our first edible antibiotic

A WASHINGTON, D.C., HOMEOWNER discovered something strange happening in the basement of his two-year-old home: cracks were beginning to radiate from a spot in the solid concrete floor. Then the concrete started to raise up in a curious hump.

Fascinated, the man made frequent trips to the cellar to watch the hump grow. When it was about six inches high, the shattered pieces of concrete fell away, and to his astonishment he saw that a tiny mushroom had grown up right through the floor.

Botanists expect incredible feats from this most bizarre member of the vegetable kingdom. The secret of "mushroom growth," the phrase that has become part of our language, is a strange one.

Though you have seen thousands of mushrooms, the chances are you have never seen a fungus' mycelium, the buried part of the mushroom plant. For the mushroom that appears above the ground is only the blossom. The rest of the plant grows beneath the surface of the earth. Looking like a mass of spectral gray threads, the ghastly filaments of this mycelium, hating the light, creep under forest floors, wherever they can find leaf mold or decaying organic matter.

Let some of these filaments be buried beneath a stretch of paving and they will try to force their macabre "fruit" to the surface. They have enormous power to do this because the mycelium and its mushroom operate as a cunningly contrived hydraulic system, using water absorbed from the damp earth to create pressure. Thus the mushroom's prodigious act of parenthood may be likened to the

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slow, inexorable climb of a hydraulic lift in a service station.

Each of these strange blossoms contains not seeds but microscopic spores. One of these falling upon a decaying leaf or old wood can become another mycelium which will grow in its dark home for months, or years, and eventually send up more mushrooms.

The variety of shapes assumed by the mushroom above ground is fantastic. In addition to the familiar umbrella-like ones, there are others formed like clubs, stars and globes. One looks like a lion's yellow mane, another gives the impression of a butterfly. And there's a horrifying one that looks like a replica of a brain, convolutions and all.

THE MUSHROOM itself, though it may be only a tiny part of the entire plant, can reach astonishing size. A record-breaking specimen of a stemless variety, the giant puffball, reached a circumference of over ten feet and tipped the scales at 47 pounds.

Among nature's gaudiest creations, mushrooms turn up not only in pure white but in a vivid range of colors. Too, they boast a variety of odors, from garlic to bitter almond.

Visitors to the woods at night have often been startled by the sight of ghostly greenish lights under the trees. They turn out to be those amazing mushrooms, the only plants, other than some bacteria, that have their own built-in lighting systems.

One of the most brilliant is the mycelium of the honey mushroom which grows in great masses in old logs and tree trunks. Break one open and the stuff, which looks like gray cobwebs in the daytime, glows a brilliant blue.

This is the eerie fox fire which has both puzzled and frightened people for centuries. Scientists explain that the plants work like fluorescent lamps, giving off energy in the form of light.

What's the difference between a toadstool and a mushroom? There isn't any. Toadstool is simply another name for mushroom.

Tales of the mushroom's potency as a destroyer have not been exaggerated, for contained in the thirty-odd varieties which are virulently poisonous are substances which can cause illness and even death.

Until recently, there was no easy way to tell a poisonous mushroom from an edible one. The family of killers that is the deadliest, the amanitas, happens also to include some that are considered rare delicacies.

Only an expert can be trusted to tell them apart and even experts have made mistakes. This is true, of course, only of the wild mushrooms. One need not question the edibility of commercially grown strains.

More than 700 kinds are edible; and now there are indications that they may become one of the miracle foods of the future. For the mushroom is an amazingly efficient provider of protein to the human body. Some of them have as much as a 65 per cent protein potential. One variety of mushrooms is also

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rich in vitamins B, B2, C and K.

Many nutritionists believe that we have a shortage of protein. What is needed, they maintain, is a cheaper way to get it. The mushroom, while it may be a relatively expensive delicacy today, nevertheless gives promise of providing the answer.

One problem involved in rapid mushroom production has always been that, fast as an individual mushroom grows, a long process of secret growth by the mycelium is involved before any mushrooms spring up from it. Commercially, mushrooms are grown from "spawn," a chunk of mycelium which is ready to send up its weird flowers.

Now, at Syracuse University, Dr. C. C. Carpenter and associates have found a way to get around this process. By placing mycelium in a container that shakes it 110 times a minute, they produce tiny chopped-up pellets.

Planted in a nutrient medium, these pellets turn into pea-sized mushroom balls in just four days. Such incredible speed of growth hints at a time when some of the world's protein could come from vast tonnages of mushrooms grown in nutrients such as molasses.

At the New York Botanical Gardens, Dr. William J. Robbins and a group of co-workers, laboriously analyzing the contents of 332 different kinds of mushrooms, found that 213 of them contain chemicals with definite germ-stopping properties. From one type, they isolated a particularly promising substance christened pleurotin. When minute quantities of it were put into flasks with Staphylococcus germs, the growth of the germs was promptly checked.

Early experiments with white mice indicate that this new antibiotic is relatively non-toxic. Though the project is still at too early a stage to judge its effect on human beings, the mighty mushroom may yet prove a unique new weapon in medicine's war on germs —an edible antibiotic.

Suppose It Happened to You?

(Solution to problem on page 106)

THE SHEIK ordered his tribesmen to stand in line with their hands extended, palms upward. Slowly walking down the line, he smelled the hands of each tribesman. After he had finished, he faced one man and bellowed, "Thief, hand over the jewels!"

The culprit fell to his knees, admitted his guilt and begged forgiveness.

How did the sheik know? The innocent men were not afraid of the sacred donkey, and unhesitatingly pulled his tail in the tent. And of course their hands smelled of perfume. The guilty man, certain that the donkey would bray and expose him, did not pull the tail. His hands were free of fragrance.

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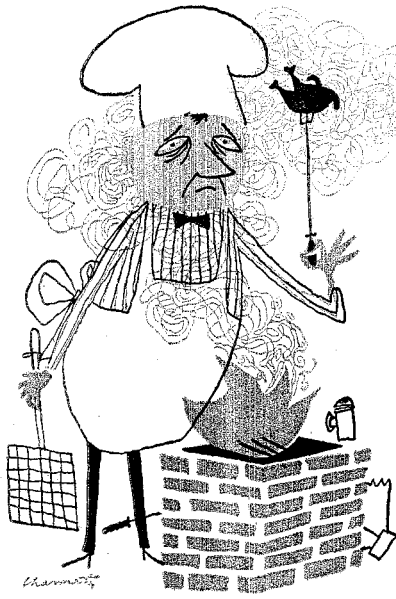
"This Smoke

by JOHN KEATS



OUR KITCHEN is air-conditioned, spotless, and contains every known mechanical contrivance to aid housewifely hands in producing a delectable family dinner. Instead of using it, however, my pretty leads the way out the back door to the family burning grounds where she watches her lord and master scorch thick steaks over a wood fire in the new outdoor fireplace.

The cook-out, as it has come to be known, is today a part of the American scene; and, so help me, I think I've been had.

First of all, I cannot understand this sudden craving for eating outside. I've always thought that man made the first significant step toward civilization when he discovered that a cave made it possible to keep a cooking fire at a somewhat constant temperature.

Therefore, I am uncomfortable when I consider my neighborhood at twilight these days. In every back yard there is a ruddy blaze, and etched against it the swaying shadow of my worthy fellow-citizen poking at burning food with a long stick and coughing slightly every time the wind veers to envelope him in the smoke.

It seems to me that all of us are imitating the dawn man who had not yet acquired enough sense to go into a cave and sit down out of the rain to eat at a stone table.

In those days, the menfolk would bang dinner over the head with a stone ax and lug it home where the ladies would skin it, butcher it and cook it, then step aside while the men helped themselves. At the cook-out, however, it seems to be established that the menfolk do what normally is woman's work.

Why should this be? The pretty young thing who has the good fortune to be my wife is a far better cook than I. Yet, no sooner had the mortar set on our outdoor fireplace than she thrust a roasting fork into my hand, tied a gentleman's apron

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Gets in My Eyes"

Give this suburbanite a rustic outdoor grill, a gentleman's apron, a roasting fork, thick, juicy steak to eat—and he snarls "barbarism!"

around me and gave me a little push toward the grill, murmuring, "That's he-man food, and we little girls know nothing about it."

Since flattery will get you anywhere, I arranged the logs, lit the fire and threw a split chicken on the grill. Immediately, smoke got in my eyes, too much fat dripped into the fire, and flames singed my eyebrows. From time to time, I'd look through sweaty tears to see my lady daintily perched on the greensward, waiting for the chicken to char.

Supper that night was unpleasantly reminiscent of all the other cook-outs I have had the ill luck to attend. For as a small boy I, too, buried potatoes in the ashes until they were slightly warm and still quite crisp in the center. I, too, lit marshmallows, then blew out the fire and quickly discovered the taste of hot ashes.

On sundry vacations I've had the pleasure of choking down those seaweed-steamed messes filched up from a hot hole in the beach by salty New Englanders, and I've longed for any ordinary seafood restaurant. I have also engaged in fantastic orgies involving a half-done ox served up with considerable bull under dusty trees in Texas.

It is a fact that the great out-of-doors possesses agricultural advantages, but it's apt to be drafty and before you can take your first bite, the cook-out steak has become as cold on the outside as it is in the middle.

I am hopeful that the cook-out is merely a fad, like a woman's new hat which shortly becomes, in the eye of its female wearer, exactly as hideous as her mate always thought it was. And in this bustling country of ours, new hats and fads can never last.

I believe the cook-out will also pass away; and I don't worry about the money spent on that little brick fireplace. It took three years off my life and gave me a crick in the neck to build it. But it was fun, and the thing can still be used for burning trash and—there's no getting around it—it does give a certain tone to the back yard.

Yes, the day will come when we can all go back inside where it's warm and dry, and I can sit down at a comfortable table again and enjoy one of my lover's well-cooked dinners and say a little prayer of thanks that we've returned to the 20th century.

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Science refers to it as "infectious mononucleosis." But to thousands of romantic young people it is becoming simply . . .

The

by Ruth Newburn Sedam

A few years ago a gay young man met a gay young woman medical student aboard a train. They celebrated their newfound acquaintance by swigging congenially from a bottle. And before the trip was over they switched from spirits to spirited kissing.

The young couple were merely responding to a hundred-proof instinct. But they may also have helped to pull the cork on a hitherto undistilled medical mystery: Why is *infectious mononucleosis* (glandular fever) so common among young adults and so rare in all other age groups?

This hard-to-diagnose disease afflicts hundreds of thousands of young people annually. It makes them feel anything from tired to miserable—usually for weeks, and the after-effects may last for months. Occasionally, but rarely, it kills. Students, nurses, internes, members of the armed forces—all young adults in the strenuous-living category—seem particularly susceptible.

Known colloquially as "mono," the disease gets its name from mononuclears—white corpuscles with only one nucleus—usually found in the patients' blood in excessive numbers during the illness.

Unfortunately, the common symptoms are similar to some of the miseries young people rather expect—and usually ignore—after a big football weekend or a bout with exams: fatigue and listlessness, sore throat, headache, loss of appetite, perhaps a little fever and slightly swollen glands.

When mononucleosis symptoms are persistently ignored severe complications can devolop—such as acute infection of the central and peripheral nervous system as well as pneumonia, hepatitis and rupture of the spleen.

In its more common uncomplicated forms, "mono" is a depressing and exasperating disease. The treatment consists chiefly of rest, proper diet, fresh air and *time*. There's no quick cure. Even the miracle drugs are helpless.

Relapses are common in about one out of ten cases because after a period of bed rest, a "mono" patient sometimes feels deceptively well. Actually, he's still sick. And it is these patients, who "can't wait" to get out of the infirmary, who usual-

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Kissing Disease

ly suffer the severest complications.

What causes mononucleosis? Most authorities agree that it is probably a virus. But a most mercurial virus. For it has been found that patients in open hospital wards seldom infect each other. And attempts to transmit it artificially have been almost a total failure. Complicating the research has been the fact that you can suffer the disease in so mild a form as to be unaware of it.

Nevertheless several investigators, especially on college campuses, long suspected kissing as a possible mode of transmission. Colonel Robert J. Hoagland, formerly Medical Officer at West Point, had noticed an increase in the ailment every February and August—about a month after the cadets enjoyed their semi-annual vacations.

A medical-journal report on infectious mononucleosis among Smith College girls observed that the highest peaks came in the months following Christmas, spring and summer vacations.

On the other hand, a number of investigators had found that "mono" keeps popping up all through the school term at co-ed institutions where boy meets girl on a daily dating basis. But until now, nobody had compiled and reported case histories to substantiate the suspicion that kissing is the culprit.

Then along came the clue supplied by our young Lothario with his rapid train-board romance.

Complaining of the classic symptoms of infectious mononucleosis, the young man consulted Colonel Hoagland, currently Chief of the Medical Service at the U. S. Army Hospital at Fort Benning, Georgia.

"What were you doing about 45 days ago?" inquired the Colonel.

The young man counted back and recalled his trip. Also his amorous episode with the young lady —whom he had never seen before or since, but with whom he corresponded.

"In fact," the patient announced. "I heard from her three days ago. She says she's just had to go to the hospital because of some sickness with a long name."

"Infectious mononucleosis?" the doctor asked quickly.

"That's it!"

Beginning with this young man,

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Colonel Hoagland compiled 73 case histories of infectious mononucleosis patients. In 71 out of 73, "intimate kissing" had occurred about 32 to 49 days before symptoms of the illness appeared. One of the two non-kissers was a chaplain's assistant who said he often drank soda pop from bottles shared with friends.

As a result, Colonel Hoagland reports in *The American Journal of The Medical Sciences* (March 1955), "my observations have led me to believe that infectious mononucleosis is usually transmitted by intimate oral contact which permits a transfer of saliva."

An object passed quickly from mouth to mouth, he suggests, may be how mononucleosis gets around in a minority of cases—especially among children.

But if you're going to catch mononucleosis by kissing, a mere peck won't do—according to Colonel Hoagland. You need a real smooch and the object of your affections needn't have an active or even an "incubating" case; he or she could be a chronic convalescent carrier. The mononucleosis virus may lurk in an ex-patient's tissues for months or even years.

Or the carrier you kiss might be a person who had had mononucleosis that was not recognized as such.

In Colonel Hoagland's opinion, this hypothesis explains why artificial transmission of the disease has not worked well. And why it seldom seems to occur as a cross-infection in open hospital wards or among roommates.

"The hypothesis also explains why I have rarely seen mononucleosis in a married person," Colonel Hoagland's report continues. "Unmarried persons are much more apt to kiss promiscuously. It explains why precisely the age group most active in osculation—about 17 to 26—provides the bulk of mononucleosis patients."

Doctors still disagree on some aspects of the ailment. But on one point they are unanimous: if infectious mononucleosis is indeed "the kissing disease"—it's here to stay!

Double Exposure

FORMER AMBASSADOR Joseph E. Davies was once asked how he always managed to smile for photographers in spite of the responsibilities burdening him.

"That's easy," he explained. "All you have to do is say, '*Cheese.*' Try it."

—MAUREEN MULKERN

THESE INSTRUCTIONS were given by a woman to the Texas drug store which was developing her roll of film:

"One print of each, except the third and sixth pictures. If the baby is smiling in those, I want three prints from each of the two of them."

—*Tempo*

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The San Andreas: Curse of the Coast

by ARTURO F. GONZALEZ, JR.

Under a vast crack in the ground lies California's arsenal of earthquakes—with the power of over 100,000 atom bombs

IT *could*, someday, happen like this. The tiny coastal community of Point Arena, 110 miles north of San Francisco, will feel the earthquake first, a tremor beneath the Pacific which boils up as a foaming tidal wave. The shock will snake southward. Then a gaping fissure will cut a swath through the cities on both the northern and southern peninsulas, which form San Francisco Bay, as the metropolitan area's nearly two and a quarter million people are suddenly shaken with a fury.

Through Crystal Springs, Palo Alto and past Watsonville, the crescendo will echo as the quake laces into the coastal mountains, splitting highways, launching rockslides, grinding 4500-foot-high masses of stone against one another.

Or the five and a half million men and women in the 60 communities around Los Angeles might hear the roar and feel the quake's impact strike from the mountains east of their homes. Into the desert it will move with a growl, then through the lush Imperial Valley. It will lunge at El Centro and Calexico, and then roar across Mexico to disappear under the surface of the Gulf of California.

Impossible? Science fiction? Hardly. The *possibility* of a major earthquake on the West Coast today is as real as its potential cause: the San Andreas Fault.

The longest, continuous, unhealed crack in the earth's rocky crust, the San Andreas is about 700 miles long and 50 miles deep, and possesses, according to geologists, the destructive power of more than 100,000 atom bombs. It is a sleeping giant whose merest twitchings late in 1955 were enough to rattle one Imperial Valley town 70 times in a day. Last February it took a rap at El Centro, breaking windows, tossing inhabitants about and making newspaper headlines from coast to coast.

Recently, leading seismologists warned that another major temblor *could* be in the making. They revealed that strain is evident in the region of the giant crack and only a large-scale readjustment of the

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The surface scar of the Fault slices 700 miles south to the Gulf of California.

earth's surface, with the resulting shocks we know as earthquakes, can ease the tension.

The possibility of an earthquake is obviously one reason why Los Angeles is busily enforcing its building code, which provides for the elimination of all excess masonry, cornices and façades from buildings in the area. More than $75,000,000 is being spent in order to make sure that no minor or major quake claims lives unnecessarily.

On the other hand, the San Andreas is a threat that may never be fulfilled. As Father J. Joseph Lynch of Fordham University's famed seismological lab has written, "Earthquakes, like snakes, avoid human beings far more than is generally supposed." He points out that a mere baker's dozen earthquakes of the 5000 major shakes he has analyzed actually killed people or damaged buildings.

San Francisco's Mayor Elmer Robinson, too, minimizes the dangers. After a recent tossing, he announced, "It was a very minor temblor not to be compared to . . . the terrible floods, hurricanes and cyclones" that annually ravage the world.

During the past 2000 years some 800 cities—Tokyo, Lisbon and San Francisco the most famous—have been shattered by earthquakes killing approximately a million people. These disasters, plus the almost one million quakes that shake the globe each year, are primarily due to earthen faults which bear a family resemblance to the San Andreas.

Flowing beneath the surface of our earth, ultrabasic rock seeps almost as a stream of soft plastic. The movement sets up a relentless undertow on the rocky crust above it. Neighboring sections of surface earth are torn this way and that. Result: an earthen crack along which terrific pressures are built up. When finally the surface succumbs to the tugging from below, the two edges of the fault scrape and grind in opposite directions past one another to create an earthquake.

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"Earthquakes, like snakes," says Father Lynch, "avoid human beings far more than is generally supposed"

The Pacific Coast and Nevada experience about two-thirds of all the shaking in the United States each year and, although the West Coast is latticeworked with faults like the Hayward, the Garlock, the White Wolf, the Sierra Nevada and many others, the giant San Andreas is the principal offender.

Singlehandedly, it has accounted for a majority of the American lives lost to earthquakes, including the famed San Francisco disaster.

It was exactly 5:13 on a chilly mid-April morning in 1906 when this most disastrous of all San Andreas convulsions raced southward through the Bay Area and out into the California countryside, a giant chasm opening and closing to leave a 250-mile trail of tortured rock, toppling buildings and screaming inhabitants.

Most of the city was sleeping when the first 60-second shock set church bells ringing weirdly, horses kicking at their stalls and the shanties of Howardtown tumbling down. There was a 30-second respite, then what an *Examiner* reporter later called "the avenging hand of God" struck again for a full minute.

The whole San Francisco peninsula was twisted in four directions at one time. Chinatown, north of Market, collapsed. Agnew's Insane Asylum crumpled, burying 119 screaming, incoherent inmates.

As the city's fire chief lay crushed to death in his home, the first crackle of the flames which were to complete the destruction of San Francisco could be heard.

Days later, the city completed the task of counting its dead and its over 500-million dollars in damage. Then began the monumental task of rebuilding.

The Fault had rattled California before. It broke up a treaty meeting between *conquistador* Gaspar de Portola and the Indians near Los Angeles in 1769. It slashed a giant fissure from San Francisco to Santa Clara in 1839.

In 1857, the San Andreas flattened the adobe village of Fort Tejon and spewed the Los Angeles River out of its bed in a quake as severe as any California had yet seen. Luckily, only one citizen in the sparsely-settled community was killed.

A veritable task force of scientists today stands guard over the San Andreas. California Institute of Technology and the University of California operate 21 earthquake stations in the area, under supervision of the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey. Assisting are thousands of volunteer "earthquake watchers" in the region, who keep questionnaires to fill out after each temblor.

Working over the entire length of the Fault, members of the Coast

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and Geodetic Survey have set up stations on both sides of the San Andreas. By continually measuring both the distance and the direction of one station from the other, they have definitely proven that the western side of the giant crevice is currently moving northward in relation to the eastern bank at the cumulative rate of two inches each year.

Since 1906, this mass has moved ten feet. And probably nothing but the terrific friction of the mainland and the moving earth, meeting along the lip of the San Andreas, has kept the western bank from moving faster, further.

Inevitably, some of the experts say, the friction will not be brake enough. When this happened in 1906, the western side and the eastern side of the San Andreas ground past one another for 21 feet in just under three minutes. Some scientists claim that such horizontal slippage along the San Andreas over the centuries has separated what once was *one* mountain range into *two* chains, 40 miles apart. Whatever the cause, when such slippage does occur, the results are foregone: an earthquake.

What can be done about the persistent menace of the San Andreas?

On a community scale, the Los Angeles building code to remove menacing masonry is certainly a practical move. So is the current method of constructing public buildings, schools in particular, with huge amounts of protective reinforcement.

Water, always a problem on the Coast, is now being stored on the western side of the Fault so that nothing less than the hardly probable total disaster will strip the area of both a drinking supply and the resources with which to fight fires.

Perhaps in addition, the Coast can take a lesson in precaution from the earthquake-wise Japanese, who train each member of the family in a specific duty. At the first jiggle, some turn off the gas, others click out the electric lights, still others carry out tasks designed to reduce damage, post-quake fires and explosions.

But on a purely personal scale, a resident has only two choices: he can philosophically accept the facts and learn to live with San Andreas. Or, as one wag puts it, he can move to where the dangers might be more conventional—such as being run down by a taxi.

Dress Show

"A LADY'S DRESS," says designer Edith Head, "should be tight enough to show there's a woman inside, and loose enough to show it's a lady."

—*United Press Associations*

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The little Cockney needled and goaded until the big guy grabbed for the pickaxe—ready to kill

Sweet Consequence of Murder

by RALPH INGERSOLL

WHEN I WAS 20, and just graduated from Yale, I went to work in a gold mine as a mucker. A mucker shovels ore into a car or a chute, starting it on its way to the surface.

This was the usual thing for an embryo mining engineer to do. He was, at that time, expected to put in two years in various underground jobs before hanging out his shingle.

I got to be a darn good mucker, working with a long-handled shovel. In the first mine I worked, I set what was then a record: 56 tons of ore mucked from the foot wall into dump cars in an eight-hour shift. I was darn proud of myself, which pride is at the very heart of this story.

It took me a full year to get as good as I became, and at least six months of that to get to be one of the boys—because this particular hard-rock mine was out in the Sierras and I was not only a green kid but also an Easterner who had been to college.

Finally they let me learn how to run a compressed air drill. And I got to be a fair Leyner-man. A Leyner-man is a *real* miner. He breaks the rock by drilling holes two or three inches in diameter and five or six or seven feet deep into it. He does this with a Leyner com-

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pressed-air-driven hammer and drill.

Into these skillfully placed holes the miner stuffs dynamite. He then explodes them in scientifically arranged sequences, to shatter the rock into pieces small enough for the muckers to handle.

After I got to be one, I said, "She's deep enough"—which is a miner's way of quitting. I went on to another digging, where I signed on as a miner.

I was now 21, six foot three and trained down to 168 pounds. And I figured that after one more promotion—to timberman—I'd be ready to hit someone for a job as a genuine graduate mining engineer.

IN THIS MINE, they put me to work in a stope under a straw boss who had charge of production in a dozen or so working places. A stope is an underground room from which ore is extracted.

I had never worked under a foreman before. As a mucker, my boss had always been the miner who broke the rock ahead of me. It was he who took the foreman's directions—and abuse.

We were only a generation away from the days when a hard-rock straw boss started his rounds with four fingers of straight whiskey and knocked down the first man he met—just to demonstrate his toughness, and his authority.

The foreman I drew was a fellow named Harry, a Cockney Englishman who was hardly taller than five feet. Like lots of little men, he hated big ones—and I was as big as they were coming those days.

Harry had a mean disposition and a bad temper as well, and I hadn't been at work three shifts before he began taking them both out on me.

Nothing I did suited Harry. If I set up before he arrived, it was always in the wrong place. Result: an hour's profitless work tearing down the gear that supported my 180-pound Leyner. If I waited for his advice on where to set up, he chose that morning not to come round at all.

One of the things you don't do much underground is talk. The conflict between Harry and me began, and continued, with few words—all of them his. Most of Harry's offerings were both blasphemous and starkly, scornfully abusive. So I began to take a burn.

I wasn't as good a miner as I'd been a mucker, but I knew I was all right. I also knew that, technically, Harry was all right too. His criticisms of my work weren't foolish. The truth in them made his over-emphasis all the more personal.

Even so, I could have taken it all right if Harry had left it at that. But my silence must have enraged him because he began needling me in the pay check.

We'd just gone onto an underground version of piecework, our pay depending on the tonnage broken. Delays to conform to a whim of Harry's were bad enough but now he shifted me to a porphyry stope, the texture of whose ore was so uneven that the drill bits wedged and stuck. A shift became eight hours of running sweat, congealed

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frustration and minimum pay. Moreover, where had my chances of promotion gone?

I gritted my teeth and thought the situation over. Harry might have been able to show me how to handle that tricky-textured ore but I was too proud to ask his help. I decided to make one last effort to win his respect with an accomplishment so dramatic that even he couldn't ignore it.

I tore down my big 180-pound drill set-up and I got hold of a little plugger drill. From the storeroom, I requisitioned a block and tackle. Then I rigged the tackle to suspend my 80-pound plugger from the timber—overhead—and I tried nursing my drills into the porphyry.

It worked. I could run my contraption with one hand, pick the soft spots, side-slip the hard. It was a piece of cake.

In the first hour, I got more ore blocked out to blast than I'd done all the day before. And my luck was running, too, because Harry never showed at all that day.

I went up to the showers singing.

Next morning I came to work prepared to burn up the track. In 20 minutes I'd set up my invention.

I rolled a cigarette, lit it and felt wonderful. I took a heavy pick in one hand and scratched a loose rock from the face where I was about to start my first hole.

Wait till Harry came with yesterday's record chute run in his hand, I thought. I wouldn't rub it in how wrong he'd been about me. I'd be gracious.

And right at that moment he did come—up the ladder and through the two-by-two opening in the planked floor.

He walked over to the stull in the center of the little stope. A stull is a round timber supporting a load. Harry leaned against it as he took a quick survey of me and my newly improvised gear. In the silence, I could hear his breath exhale in a snort.

" 'Ere, boy, take 'er down!"

"Take what down?"

"Take that blank'n nonsense down . . . and be quick about it. This 'ere's no blank'n playpen."

It doesn't take many seconds to live the sensations of a lifetime. I relived our relationship from our first glimpse of each other in a lot less as we stood there. Every fibre in my being drew together in self-preservation against the threat that Harry stood for—the threat to truth and reason, the threat and the challenge to me as an individual. This was it.

No conscious thoughts directed my fingers to tighten around the pick handle. I observed, as if it were someone else's, my arm draw back and rise. There was in me, suddenly, nothing but pure and unadulterated hatred.

The pickhead swung in a slow arc backward, paused, lined itself up—and came forward. Fast. In mid-air I saw it, flying true, its newly sharpened point aimed straight for Harry's forehead.

Then, suddenly and without warning, my mind turned itself on. It thought, and thought clearly, and at literally fantastic speed.

It did not deny the emotions that were directing the muscles propel-

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ling the pick. It simply said: "It is not necessary to kill him. And if you kill him there will be messy consequences. Frightening him will do just as well. Leave it at that."

This made sense, and my wrist twisted just that tiny fraction of a degree necessary to divert the point from the center of Harry's forehead to a spot an inch away from his left ear. There it drove a good six inches into the stull against which he leaned.

We stood there, Harry and I, silent and motionless.

Then, with no word spoken—after the pick itself spoke—Harry turned, and went down the ladder...

So what happened?

I spent a very happy, lighthearted day drilling more holes in the face of that stope than it had ever had drilled in it before in a single eight hours. I was happy . . . because my soul was again my own. And I worked hard because I wanted the last day before I was fired to be a day of record production.

But I wasn't fired. I wasn't even reported unfavorably.

Within 24 hours it became clear that neither Harry nor I felt like mentioning the incident. It was also clear that in some mysterious way Harry and I had become friends—although we never mentioned it.

I was genuinely sorry when Harry was shifted to another shaft the following month—and genuinely curious. I was *so* curious that I could not resist putting on my Sunday clothes, on Saturday, and having a word with the big boss—the superintendent of the mine itself.

I introduced myself and inquired, in what I remembered of my Eastern, or polite, accent, if I might ask a question about a straw boss I'd had.

"Shoot," said the big boss.

"Well, sir," I went for it, "it's about Harry. You've moved him. Did he ask to be transferred?"

The big boss may have wondered, but he answered me straight.

"No," he said. "He didn't. Simple promotion. He got plenty of rock in the box. Even from that porphyry you're in."

The big boss eyed me speculatively.

"And by the way, Harry put you in for his old job. Seemed to feel you had the makings. Well, maybe so, maybe so—some day."

Then the big boss ended the interview with: "But the other fellows tell me you are a little *too* reasonable. Wouldn't even talk back to an ornery cuss like Harry. A man's got to stand up for himself to get along in this world."

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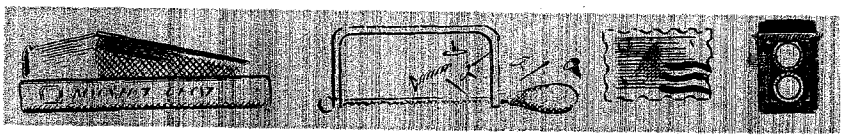

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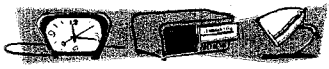

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(*Continued on next page*)

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Happiness Test

WHEN ALBERT SCHWEITZER was in Germany a reporter asked for his definition of happiness. "Happiness," Schweitzer smiled, "is nothing more than good health and a poor memory." —*Revue*, Munich (*Quote*)

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Life with Groucho

ITALIAN GIRLS are so attractive. No wonder Vesuvius keeps blowing its top.

SOME OF THE JOKES I tell are pretty old—but after all, I'm not a kid any more.

IF WRESTLING is honest, I own the crookedest TV set in town.

WE DON'T USE finger bowls at my house. When I get through eating, I dive in the pool. —GROUCHO MARX

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Jaggers

by JANEANN SMALL

A HALF CENTURY ago, the world's most eligible bachelor was a dashing young war correspondent and novelist named Richard Harding Davis. Darling Dickie's singled blessedness could in no wise be blamed on the ladies' lack of trying, yet somehow a war always popped up in the nick of time and he was off to cover it before the charms of his pursuer of the moment had a chance to take. Or at least such was the case until he met beautiful Cecil Clark.

An important assignment on the Continent took the smitten Davis from Miss Clark's side, but he sent wire following wire back across the Atlantic. In London, darling Dickie made his grand gesture. He was in his apartment when William Thomas Jaggers, a slim telegraph messenger boy of 14, arrived.

Davis handed him three notes. "Take this to the Duchess," he said. "And this to St. James Square. And this to Miss Cecil Clark, Prairie Avenue, Chicago, USA."

"Yes, sir," Jaggers said, saluting.

"Would you really go to Chicago?" Davis asked incredulously.

"Yes, sir. Wherever you say, sir."

The romantic possibilities so intrigued Dickie that plans were made forthwith.

Soon after, Jaggers' humble father, bursting with pride, inadvertently let out the news.

One newspaper reported Jaggers' landing in New York with these words: "When the *St. Louis* docked . . . a uniformed messenger boy ran down the gangplank, jumped into a horseless cab and was whisked uptown. He bore . . . letters from London sent by Richard Harding Davis to . . ."

Reporters badgered the youngster all the way to Chicago. But he protected Dickie's message until he reached Miss Clark.

Eighteen days and 8,400 miles after he had left it, Jaggers returned to Davis' apartment with her reply. Later, a duchess pinned a medal on the tiny Cupid and he was given a personal audience with the Queen.

Dickie took Cecil as his bride in a lavish ceremony with Charles Dana Gibson as a groomsman and Ethel Barrymore as maid of honor. And Jaggers stood in miniature atop the giant wedding cake.

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College Beauty Queens use new Solitair WITH VITA-LITE

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY
Julia Padanyi-Gulyas, Military Ball Queen, says *"Solitair for me —it's the only make-up I need except lipstick."*

to glorify...soften vitalize their complexions

There's more to fabulous new Solitair than meets the eye... more than the soft, natural beauty it gives your skin! For Solitair *alone*—of all cake make-ups—contains a remarkable new skin discovery. *Vita-Lite*, it's called... and wonderful, it is!

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